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No. 7815.—Vol. L. *MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 7, 1890.* *Price One Penny.*

TO-NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENTS.

DRURY LANE THEATRE ROYAL.
(Augustus Harris, Sole Lessee and Manager.)
CARL ROSA OPERA SEASON.
THIS MORNING at 2, BALFE'S BOHEMIAN GIRL. Misses John Child, F. H. Celli, Wilfrid Esmond, Aynsley Cook; Messrs Tremelli, Arnie Cook, and Fanny Moody.
THIS EVENING at 8, Bizet's CARMEN. Messrs. Barton McGuckin, Leslie Crotty, Ayncley Cook, E. Alberti, and Wilfred Esmond; Misses Fabris, L. Saunders, Kate Drew, and Mdlle. Zelie de Lussan.
TO-MORROW at 8, FAUST. Signor Runcio, Leslie Crotty; Miss Lucille Saunder, Mdme. Georgina Burns.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
(Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. Herbbrom Tree.)
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8 o'clock, HAMLET. Doors open at 7.30, a new play, in four acts, A VILLAGE PRIEST, by Sydney Grundy. Mr. Tree, Mr. Fernandez, Mr. Fred Terry, Mr. Allan; Miss Rose Leclercq, Miss Norreys, Mrs. Gaston Murray, Mrs. Brookfield, Mrs. Tree. Box-office open 10 till 5, where seats from 6s. may be booked. Pit circle (unreserved), 2s. 6d.; gallery, 1s.
MATINEE OF A VILLAGE PRIEST, SATURDAY NEXT, April 12, at 2.15.

LYCEUM THEATRE.
(Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. Henry Irving.)
THE DEAD HEART.—A Story of the French Revolution. TO-NIGHT at Eight o'clock, Mr. Henry Irving, Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Stirling, Mr. Righton; Miss Phillips and Miss Ellen Terry. Box office (Mr. J. Hurst) open daily 10 to 5. Seats can also be booked by letter or telegram. Carriages, 10.45. MATINEES OF THE DEAD HEART.—There will be three morning performances of The Dead Heart on Saturday, 12th, 19th, and 26th April. On these Saturday nights THE BELLS will be played.—LYCEUM.

CRITERION THEATRE.
(Lessee and Manager, Mr. Charles Wyndham.)
THIS EVENING, at 8, DAVID GARRICK. Mr. Charles Wyndham, Messrs. G. Giddens, W. Blakeley, S. Valentine, S. Hewson, F. Atherley, F. Emery, and Mr. Farren. Mesdames E. Page, Fanny Coleman, E. Leyshon and Mary Moore. Preceded by, at 8.10, "A PRETTY PIECE OF BUSINESS." Doors open at 7.45. N.B.—MATINEE of DAVID GARRICK SATURDAY NEXT, at 2 o'clock.

CAIETY THEATRE.
TO-NIGHT, at 8 punctually, RUY BLAS AND THE BLASE ROUE. Miss Ellen Farren, Miss Marion Hood, Miss Sylvia Grey, Miss Linda Verner, Mrs Blanche Massey, and Miss Lotty Lind; Mr. Fred Leslie, Mr. G. I. Minshull, and Mr. Fred. Storey. Doors open at 7.30.

TERRY'S THEATRE.
(Proprietor and Lessee, Mr. Edward Terry; Manageress, Miss Grahame.)
TO-NIGHT, at 9, NEW LAMPS FOR OLD. Messrs. W. S. Penley, Bernard Gould, W. Lestocq, and F. Kerr. Mrs. Cory Grahame, Houston, and Gertrude Kingston. At 8.15 FOR HER CHILD'S SAKE. Mesdames M. A. Giffard, Helen Leyton; Messrs. Acton Bond, Hill, and J. Nelson. Doors open at 8. Carriages at 11. Box Office open 12 till 5. MATINEE SATURDAY NEXT, at 2. Acting Manager, Mr. H. T. Brickwell.

TOOLE'S THEATRE.
TO-DAY, at 3 and TO-NIGHT, at 8, THE BUNGALOW, by Frederick Horner. The greatest success of modern times. Received with roars of laughter and thunders of applause. At 2.30 and 8.15, ON TOAST. Doors open 2 and 7.45. Messrs. C. Glenney, Yorke Stephens, Compton Coutts, Bromley, R. Sheldon, and Kaye; Misses Sophie Larkin, Helen Forsyth, Vane Featherston, Marie Illington, and Cicely Richards. MORNING PERFORMANCE THIS DAY (Easter Monday) and EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 2.15. Doors open at 2.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.
(Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. Thomas Thorne.)
THIS EVENING at 8.30, CLARISSA (53rd Time), at 7.45, MEADOW SWEET. Mr. Thomas Thorne, Messrs. T. E. Thalberg, Cyril Maude, Oswald Yorke, J. S. Blythe, Harbury, F. Grove, F. Tilbury, and Fred Thorne; Mesdames Rose Leclercq, C. Glenney, Yorke Stephens, Compton Coutts, Bromley, R. Sheldon, and Kaye; Misses Sophie Larkin, Helen Forsyth, Vane Featherston, Marie Illington, and Cicely Richards. MORNING PERFORMANCE THIS DAY (Easter Monday) and EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 2.15. Doors open at 2.

THE OLOBE THEATRE.
(Lessee and Manager, Mr. F. R. Benson.)
TO-DAY, at 2.30 and 8, A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, with the Mendelssohn Incidental Music. Messrs. Lrydson, Major, Benson, Ross, Howard, Athol Forde, Black, Weir, Phillips, Tomkins, Grenville, Stuart, Mesdames Benson, Dess, Geraldine, Townend, Bunbidge, Mitchelmore.
N.B.—HAMLET NEXT THURSDAY and FRIDAY, at 8.

ADELPHI THEATRE.
(A. and S. Gatti's Sole Proprietors and Managers.)
THIS EVENING, at 8.0, LONDON DAY BY DAY. Immense success. 107th Time. Mr. Frank Cooper, Messrs. Marius, J. D. Beveridge, Dione, Lionel Rignald, W. L. Abingdon, Thos. Shafton, M. Bodk, H. Russell, James Fawn, W. Northcote, J. Northcote, &c.; Mesdames Alma Murray, Mary Rorke, Kate James, Charlotte Elliott, and Clara Jecks. Doors open at 7.0. THE MARRIED BACHELOR, at 7.15. MORNING PERFORMANCE TO-DAY (Easter Monday). Doors open 1.30, commence 2.

GARRICK THEATRE.
(Lessee and Manager, Mr. John Hare.)
THIS EVENING, at 8.30, A PAIR OF SPECTACLES. Mr. John Hare, Mr. C. Groves, Mr. E. Cathcart, Mr. S. Brough, C. Dodsworth, Mr. F. H. Knight, Mr. R. Harding, Mr. Byron, Miss Blanche Horlock, Miss F. Hunter, and Miss Kate Rorke. Preceded, at 8, by DREAM FACES. Mr. Forbes Robertson, Mr. C. H. Smith, Mr. S. Pringle; Miss Blanche Horlock and Miss Carlotta Addison (specially engaged) will appear. Doors open 7.40 Box-office open from 10 to 5. Acting Manager, Mr. C. G. Compton.

SHAFTESBURY THEATRE.
(Messrs. Willard and Hart, Lessees and Managers.)
TO-DAY, at 2.15 and 8, DICK VENABLES. Mr. Willard. Messrs. Alfred Bishop, E. W. Garden, Elwood, H. Cane, Henry V. Osmond, Royston Keith, E. W. Thomas, Harding; Mrs. Canninge. Miss Annie Rose, Mrs. Annie Hill, and Miss Olive Brandon. Doors open 7.40. Box Office open daily from 10 to 5. Telephone No. 5,093. MATINEE of DICK VENABLES, THIS DAY, at 2.15. Doors open 1.45. Acting Manager, Mr. W. H. Griffiths.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.
MASTER AND MAN.
TO-DAY, at 2.30 and 7.45, Henry Pettitt and George R. Sims' powerful play, MASTER AND MAN, in which the following popular artists will appear:—Messrs. Henry Neville, J. H. Barnes, Robert Pateman, Brandon Thomas, Sidney Howard, Charles Dalton, Bassett Roe, Fred Shepherd, George Belfield, R. Hayeur, R. Weisker Lawson; Miss Edith Bruce, Mrs. Frank Huntley, and Miss Bella Pateman. Doors open 7.15. Commence 7.45. Box-office (Mr. A. Fryer) open daily from ten till five. Seats at all the libraries.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.
(Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. Hare Kingtry.)
TO-NIGHT, at 8, AS YOU LIKE IT. Mrs. Langtry; Mesdames M'Neil, Lea, Lamb, Armbruster, &c.; Messrs. Cautley, Bourchier, Sugden, Everill, Fulton, Brodie, Forbes, Gay, Lewis, Cannings, Lawford, Grover, Lingham, Arcuffle, Erlynon, Yorke, &c. Doors open 7.30, carriages at 11.

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE.
(Lessee and Manager, Mr. Horace Sedger.)
TO-NIGHT, at 8.15, MARJORIE. Miss Phyllis Broughton, Mdme. Amadi and Miss Camille d'Arville; Messrs. C. Hayden Coffin, Joseph Tapley, Henry Ashley, Frederick Wood, Albert James, T. A. Shale, A. T. Hendon, and Harry Monkhouse. Preceded at 7.30 by ALL ABROAD. Morning Performance EVERY SATURDAY and TO-DAY (Easter Monday) at 2.30. Telephone No. 5,760.

LYRIC THEATRE.
(Sole Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Henry J. Leslie.)
THIS EVENING, at 8.30, THE RED HUSSAR. At 7.30, THE SENTRY. Mesdames Marie Tempest, Maud Holland, B. Irving, A. Newton, E. Briant, and Florence Dysart; Messrs. Ben Davies, A. Marsh, G. Mudie, H. Ley, Wood, and Arthur Williams.

COMEDY THEATRE.
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.0 p.m., the celebrated Comedy PINK DOMINOS, adapted by James Albery, with powerful cast, including Messrs. Herbert Standing, Alfred Maltby, R. Bouchier, &c., and C. H. Hawtrey; Mesdames Leigh, Robertson, Cowell, Alma Stanley, and Rosie Boucicault, at 10.0., by F. C. Burnand and F. A. Solomon's Comic Operetta, DOMESTIC ECONOMY. Box-office open daily from 10 till 5. MATINEES EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY of APRIL SHOWERS. Telephone, 3,724.

COURT THEATRE.
(Proprietors, Mrs. John Wood and Mr. Arthur Chudleigh.)
TO-NIGHT at 9, 232nd performance of AUNT JACK. Mr. Arthur Cecil, Mr. Weedon Grossmith, Mr. Eric Lewis, Mr. F. Mervin, Mr. Fred Kaye, Mr. W. Ayrton, Mr. W. Phillips, Mr. F. Farren, Mr. Powell, Mr. W. Quinton; Miss Rosina Filippi, Miss Florence Wood, and Mrs. John Wood. At 8.15, TO THE RESCUE, Mr. R. Boleyn, Mr. F. Farren. Miss F. Harrington and Mrs. Phelps.
Notice.—LAST NIGHTS of AUNT JACK.

OLOBE THEATRE.
(Mr. George Alexander.)
TO-NIGHT, at 8.30, MISS CINDERELLA. At 9, DR. BILL.
Messrs. George Alexander, Nutcombe Gould, Benjamin Webster, George Canel, Henry Grattan, and Albert Chevalier; Mesdames Robins, Cecilia Leclercq, Marie Linden, Laura Graves, Edith Kenward, Lily Young, and Fanny Brough. Doors open at 8.
MATINEE THIS DAY (Bank Holiday) and EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30. Doors open 2. Box-office open daily from 10 till 5.
Business Manager, Mr. R. D'Alberton.

ALHAMBRA VARIETY THEATRE.
"ASMODEUS," at 9 o'clock, and "ZANETTA," at 10.50. Millie, Sarseco, Merle, Thurnau, and Vezzi, and Signor MISS CINDERELLA. Varieties by BEUET and RIVIERE, Marville's Bearhounds and the Dog "Rags," the Sisters Twibell, Nellie Wilson, Reverne and Athas, Fred Dyson, the Brothers Bora 4, Sherman and Morissy, Abe Daniels, and Miss ANNIE ALEU. Open 7.45 until 11.30.

EMPIRE THEATRE.
SPECIAL EASTER ATTRACTIONS. Commence at 7.40. Two Grand Ballets. At 9.0, THE PARIS EXHIBITION. At 10.30, A DREAM OF WEALTH, by M. Katti Lanner. Music by M. Leopold Wenzel. Millie, Taliadino and Bettina de Sortis, Signor Albertieri and Signorina Malvina Cavalazzi. Grand Variety Entertainment. No free list.

ROYAL, Holborn.
HOLIDAY PROGRAMME.—Billie Barlow; Mr. and Mrs. Watson; Sam Redfern; the Craggs Troupe of Marvellous Acrobats; Fox Nathan; Nellie Wilson; the Avoie Boys, in their Novel, Musical, and Acrobatic Act; Harry Rogers, the Wandering Minstrel; C. W. Kenway, mimic; Walter Munro, comic; the Albert and Edmunds' Troupe in a Novel, Comical, Farcical Absurdity; and many others. Prices, 6d. to 2s. 6d. EVERY EVENING, at 7.30; SATURDAY MORNINGS, at 2.30.

A COWARDLY COMPROMISE.

Berry the hangman will not, it seems, have a "Bank Holiday." He is ordered to Knutsford gaol to-day; and unless Mr. Matthews changes his mind at the last moment Richard Davies—the elder of the two Crewe parricides—will be hanged to-morrow morning at eight o'clock. Direct petitions in favour of sparing the unfortunate lad's life have been forwarded to the Queen. We do not see, however, how her Majesty can with any reason or propriety interfere. The "clemency of the Crown" is exercised only on the advice of her responsible Ministers. The person in whose hands the law and constitution of this country vest the prerogative of mercy is the Home Secretary. It is the Home Secretary alone who can be effectively approached in such matters, and the Home Secretary alone who is responsible for the wise or unwise use of his discretion. In the present case the judgment of the country—if it can fairly be measured by the judgment of the press—has emphatically pronounced against the Home Secretary's decision. The organs of the rival parties are for once at one, and the *Standard* vies with the *Daily News* in pleading for a reconsideration in Richard Davies's favour. Mr. Matthews, it used to be said, was saved by Lipski. It looks as if he might yet be killed by Richard Davies.

The question, be it observed, is no longer the general one which so many correspondents have raised in our columns during the last few weeks, and which one of them re-states with much point to-day. It may or may not be right that, such extenuating circumstances as existed in this case should on general principles estop the infliction of capital punishment. There is much to be said on both sides; but it is no longer the general question which is at issue. Mr. Matthews has reprieved one of the two convicts. Thereby he has changed the question. It is no longer a question of whether George and Richard Davies were fairly entitled to a reprieve. The question is whether Richard is so palpably the guiltier of the two that whatever may be the case with George he at any rate deserves to die. To state the question with this clearness is to answer it in a sense adverse to Mr. Matthews's decision. The jury, it is true, recommended the prisoners to mercy, and in answer to a question by the Judge, based their recommendation on the ground of the prisoners' youth. Mr. Matthews might therefore say, "I have listened to that recommendation. Sixteen is 'young'; eighteen is not. Therefore I shall reprieve George, who is 16, but hang Richard, who is 18." But such an argument is surely in the depths of pedantic absurdity. Can any rational being really believe that a difference in age of something less than two years is such as to make all the difference between life and death? The thing is farcical on the face of it; whilst, if viewed in the light of other facts, Mr. Matthews's decision is seen to be grossly unfair. George Davies is the younger of the two, but it is clear from the evidence that he was by no means the passive accessory of a more active principal. On the contrary he appears to have planned the crime, to have begun the attack, and to have struck the fatal blow. The two brothers seem to have been so entirely at one in the matter that it is perhaps absurd to make any distinction of guilt between them whatever. But if any such is made, then George must be pronounced the more guilty of the two. Yet it is George whom Mr. Matthews has spared! In fact, his decision is very generally condemned as a double blunder. He ought not to have made any distinction at all. Either both should have been spared, or neither. But he has spared the wrong one.

What is the explanation of a compromise thus doubly absurd? It is not difficult to find. There is one journalistic counsellor, at any rate, on Mr. Matthews's side. This is the *Saturday Review*, which threw out a fortnight ago the suggestion now picked up by the Home Secretary. The grounds, if we remember right, on which our contemporary advocated its suggestion was that such a compromise would at once be a sop to public sentiment, and a vindication of the law. This, we suspect, is the explanation of Mr. Matthews's decision. George Davies is to be spared, in order that public feeling may not be outraged; Richard is to be hanged in order that the gallows may not be cheated. To hang both lads, it may have been argued, would jeopardize the Institution of the Gallows by turning the public against it. To hang neither would jeopardize it by bringing it into disuse. Whatever may have been his train of reasoning, the result at which Mr. Matthews arrived was a determination to split the difference. It was a weak and an illogical policy; and like all weak and illogical policies, it will defeat its own ends. It is possible that public feeling might have come to approve, if both the murderers had been hanged. It is probable that public feeling would not have disapproved if neither had been hanged. It is certain that public feeling will disapprove if the life of one is taken and that of the other left. Such an illogical and unjust compromise cannot fail to raise the whole question of capital punishment in the minds of reflective persons. Can it be right, they will ask, to retain so dread a penalty as a shameful death on the gallows, when its infliction or its respite depends to some extent on every gust of popular feeling, and in the last resort on the inconsequent treatment of such feeling by a Minister who does not dare either wholly to obey it, or wholly to defy it?

THE WINDSOR ELECTION.

By One who was there.

Of many by-elections, where I was not present, I cannot speak. But of Windsor I can speak. And if the *Times* and the Unionist party rest their hopes for their cause upon the popular voice as exemplified here, their prospects for the future are indeed dismal. Windsor, in spite of Reform Acts and Sir Henry James, remains the old-fashioned borough of oligarchic days. Parties are fairly divided in Eton and Windsor. But the majority resides not in either party. It is totally independent of party, and cares nothing for Home Rule, or for our old flag, or for the *Times* newspaper. Balfour's Maiden, which was dragged drearily through the town, provoked neither question nor comment: a sad-looking man smoking a pipe, and a dull-eyed horse, and a large scarlet cigar-shaped thing. It was labelled, too, but somehow men seemed to forget in Windsor that "Balfour" and the Chief Secretary had any special connection with the contest.

"Mr. Grenfell our friend and neighbour," and "Mr. Barry our *real* friend and neighbour" were the candidates. Who was Balfour? It was much the same at the public meetings. Very respectfully were eloquent speeches listened to, and the applause or the hooting followed the names of Mr. Gladstone or Lord Salisbury in orthodox fashion. But it does not do in Windsor to be too occult. Lord Cranborne made, so the Tories said, a most indifferent speech. In point of fact, Lord Cranborne's speech was excellent. The indifference was in his audience. On the other hand, a telling oration, it was everywhere conceded, was made by a certain individual who holds the office of town clerk. He did not trouble himself to discuss the Irish question. He merely observed that he was the owner or the trustee for over a thousand houses, all inhabited by the working-classes, in Clewer, and that he was ready to own or build a thousand more, a remark which was most significantly taken by his audience, and appreciated in the district. A most telling speech, and beneficial to the cause of law and order.

On the polling day Windsor was gay with Tory colours. This did not indicate much, as ribbons are not now distributed gratis, and Tories could better afford to purchase them than the masses. Yet, paradoxically enough the "masses" reside in Clewer, and it was there that the election was won for the cause of the Union.

The canvass showed some curious facts, and exemplified by the way as usually happens, the futility of all canvassing.

In the precincts of the Castle Mr. Grenfell had a truly cordial reception, and nowhere was he received with more ardent protestations of support—genuine and trustworthy—than among the Queen's servants. These people were many of them pensioners, or qualifying for pensions, and were comfortable and independent. Yet they were ready to support and the representative of the Separatist, disloyal, and plundering party. On the other hand, among the poorest classes in Windsor, men and women living on the edge of civilization, were found indifference to progress, contentment with the world as it exists, all the bad things seeming desirable, and a strong conservative spirit resting comfortable on drink and pauperism.

Again, among noticeable facts there occurred, as usual, in one ward this pleasing phenomenon. The canvass books of Mr. Grenfell showed a majority, not large, of pledges considered binding and satisfactory over (1) refusals, (2) merely favourable replies, (3) doubtful. This appeared a hopeful result of the canvass. But unfortunately it happens that I

OUR KITH AND KIN.

England and Germany in East Africa.

The friends of the British East Africa Company are naturally disquieted by the rumours which continue to reach us as to the unavowed objects of Emin Pasha's German mission, and a feeling is growing strong among them that if the German Government backs the efforts of the German East Africa Company the British Government should not do less for the British Company. If a railway is to be made immediately at Government expense through the German territory, what chance has any English railway running parallel to it in English territory of paying dividends hereafter which will satisfy the fair requirements of private capital invested in a commercial enterprise? Again, if German Imperial Commissioners are to be allowed to send missions to make treaties at the back of the English company's sphere, what object can the English company have in civilizing and developing a strip of coast which will lead nowhere?

"Live and let Live."

This latter question falls undoubtedly under the head of those with which the Government may have to deal. It is not, however, yet proved that the German Government has the slightest intention of overstepping the limits traced by the agreement of 1886, and the matter is not likely to be opened during the absence of Lord Salisbury. The signs of the times point to the establishment of a German Imperial colony in East Africa, with the zealous High Commissioner, Herr Wissmann, for Governor on the coast, and Emin as deputy in the interior. But if so, why not? So long as they remain within the limits of their own territory. It is entirely a German affair, and it can form no part of Lord Salisbury's duty to dictate to the young Kaiser the manner in which the African concerns of Germany can be best conducted. "Live and let live" must for a long time to come be the motto of Europe in Africa. Meanwhile it seems not quite certain whether Emin of the divided mind has even yet made his choice. He is now anxious—so it is reported from Zanzibar this morning—to cancel his engagement with Major Wissmann and to return to Europe!

The Newfoundland Premier.

It is expected that the Newfoundland Premier, Sir William Whiteway, may be in England to discuss the fishery question in May.

University Extension in Victoria.

Melbourne is about to copy the example of Cambridge. At a recent meeting of the Council of the University it was resolved that its teaching should be extended to the provincial towns and the country districts, and a committee was appointed to form a plan of action. For some time past the people of the provinces have been calling out for some of the educational advantages of the capital, and the Melbourne University has doubtless acted wisely in responding to the call, and thus keeping to itself work which would otherwise have fallen into other hands.

"No Prudes for Proctors, or Dowagers for Deans."

On another important question the Council has acted in a more conservative spirit. At the same meeting it was moved that female graduates should be allowed to join the Council and Senate of the University. A strong stand was made on their behalf, and in the result the voting was equal. Dr. Brownless, the chancellor, then gave his casting vote against the proposal, and so for some time longer the ladies of the University will be disqualified from taking part in its government on account of their sex.

Sun Sickness.

This is the word that was on the lips of the Victorians while we Londoners were for ever talking of the influenza. "Sun sickness," it is said, best described the physical condition of the colonists during the torrid season which has just come to an end. So abnormal was the heat in Melbourne that natives of Madras and negroes from Sierra Leone suffered more than they had ever suffered in their native climes.

Sunday Concerts in Sydney.

Are the Colonists amenable to the provisions of the Imperial Statute 21 Geo. III.? That is the question which has been raised in the courts of Sydney on the provocation of the proprietor of the Criterion Theatre for giving Sunday concerts in violation of this Act. For the defence it is contended that the Act does not apply in New South Wales, and as the concerts are rather popular, some strong feeling may be aroused if the judges, yielding to the arguments of the informer's counsel, decide otherwise.

"Royal" or "National."

The National Agricultural Society of Victoria has changed its name, taking unto itself the prefix "Royal" and discarding "National." This momentous step, however, caused a stormy scene at the meeting by which it was taken. Mr. C. Young, M.L.A., ridiculed the proposed alteration, declaring that in the colony they had "only a pinchbeck representation of Royalty." This remark called forth shouts of protest, to which Mr. Young retorted that the meeting did not understand the meaning of the word "pinchbeck." In the division Mr. Young was joined by three other anti-Royalists

became aware, through a friend, of the result of Mr. Barry's canvass of the same ward. And behold he also had a majority, not large, of pledges considered binding over three classes of a precisely similar category. To those who care for the ballot, and keeping inviolate its secret principle, nothing could be more satisfactory. But such a result must be singularly trying to the nerves of professional electioneerers, and that number of politicians who wish to be "in the know" beforehand.

To sum up. To accept Windsor as a test, in any way, of Unionist strength would be so extremely rash that we can only hope it may be thus received in Conservative circles. A Liberal victory would have indicated, doubtless, a miraculous political change in the borough: in truth a change far deeper than any mere gust of popular opinion. That change is always improbable in small boroughs clinging to old political habits of thought and of electioneering. It is as unlikely to happen in Windsor as in any small borough in the three kingdoms. R. B. B.

IS FOOTBALL DANGEROUS?

AT the close of the Association ties I jot down (writes a correspondent) for the benefit of those who are interested in the above question some of the casualties of the 1889-90 football season. I must say at the outset that the following statistics have been compiled from the ordinary daily papers, and are only those that meet the eye of the general reader. I have not gone out of my way to consult the sporting journals or the day books of the British hospitals. Had I done so, no doubt the butcher's bill would have been a much more ghastly one than it is. Here, then, follow the "accidents," snipped out of the newspapers in chronological sequence:—

Sept. 7, 1889. T. Spittle, playing with the Smallheath Alliance Reserves at Birmingham, was struck in the abdomen by the knee of an opponent, and received internal injuries from which he died the following week.

Oct. 1. Tom Fox, miner, Leeds-road, Carlton, died from injuries received when taking part in a Carlton match. During a "scrummage" Fox cried, "Oh, my neck," and fell back with a broken spine.

Oct. 5. Quarrel at football between Spilsbury and Randall, at Kidderminster; Spilsbury threw a brick at Randall, smashing his skull in a terrible manner, so that Randall died in a few hours.

Nov. 2. James Sherlock dropped dead while playing football in Falls Park, Belfast. "After dinner he ran all the way to the field." On the same day, Oswald, captain of the Notts county, got his collar-bone broken in a match against Bromley.

Nov. 18. A youth named Meredith, playing at Bootle in a match, tripped and fell. He complained of feeling unwell, and "died on the following Wednesday from shock to the brain and spinal cord."

Nov. 22. A student named Cheesman was violently kicked in the spine during a football match at the Winchester training college, "and little hopes were entertained as to his recovery." (An inquest was held on his body on December 2.)

Nov. 23. At Belfast, John M'Bain had his leg broken whilst playing with the Belfast Caledonians against Black Water. Calvert suffered a fracture of his knee-cap in a juniors' match, at the same place, and on the same day.

Dec. 26. Arthur E. Polton, fourteen, expired suddenly whilst playing football in the Kingston recreation ground. "Having played a quiet game with eleven other boys for about an hour, he was seen to lie down on his stomach and put his hands up to his face, as if he were resting. Soon afterwards he turned on to his back, clenched his fists, and threw his legs about. A lad picked some grass and placed it on his forehead. He became black in the face. Some of his companions took off his collar and loosened his shirt, and his mother was fetched. Dr. Liddle and Dr. Capes were soon in attendance, but they found life to be extinct. The jury returned a verdict of death from natural causes."

Dec. 28 was a field-day at Bolton. "The hard ground worked havoc with football players in this district to-day. Timmins, the famous half-back of the West Bromwich Albions, retired with a limb broken; Barbour, formerly the Renton captain, had to leave the field hurt. In the match, Nelson *v.* Rossendale, Graham, the North End back, had his collar-bone broken, and Shepherd was severely injured in the Newton Heath Central *v.* Macclesfield match."

Dec. 30. Lieut. Lyon, of the Somerset Regiment, was injured in a match at Weston-super-Mare, and died of concussion of the brain and internal hemorrhage, without having regained consciousness.

Jan. 10, 1890. From the consequences of a disaster at football, particulars not given, a young man at Sligo died, and was buried on this date.

Jan. 18. Mr. E. A. Hart sustained a broken collar-bone in an Association game at Scarborough. Mr. George Kendall Hext, a solicitor, of King-street, Portman-square, had the cartilage of his right knee displaced in playing in a match at the Lambeth Palace grounds, between Carter's eleven and St. Andrew's School.

Jan. 26. A serious accident befell England, the Newport back, at Penarth, in the football match between Penarth and Newport. He was "upset by a couple of the home team," and had his thigh fractured.

Feb. 1. At East Acton, Coleman, half-back for Fulham, in Fulham *v.* Stanley, "was so unfortunate in meeting an opposing player as to have his leg broken just below the knee. He was immediately conveyed to the West London Hospital."

Feb. 8. In a match between Torquay Athletic and Paignton Scarlet Runners a player named Hill had his leg broken. The match had been arranged for the benefit of a player of Paignton who is suffering from a similar casualty sustained at a meeting of the two teams early in the season.

Feb. 8. Alfred Cummings, a private in the 22nd (Cheshire) Regiment, was tackled by an opponent when running with the ball in a match of the Salford Free Wanderers' Football Club. Cummings "fell heavily to the ground," and died at Manchester from the effects of the severe blow on the head.

Feb. 22. In an Association football match at Birmingham a young man named Collins, of Coventry, playing full back for Singer's Club against the Small-heath Reserves, was heading a ball, when he slipped, and another player named Bushell fell upon him. Collins's spine was injured, and he lies in a paralyzed condition in the Birmingham General Hospital, his life being despaired of.

March 8. Horsington, forward, in Royal Arsenal *v.* Old Westminsters, injured his head, and had to leave.

March 15. While William Ferrier, a young man of twenty, of a good Edinburgh family, was playing in the Grange team in a Rugby match against Walkerburn, at Walkerburn, Peebleshire, he secured the ball and rushed for the goal. A Walkerburn player charged, and collided with Ferrier, who was struck on the stomach, and dropped insensible, dying subsequently from concussion of the brain. The Walkerburn Club cancelled the remaining fixtures for the season.

March 22. At the Association Distillery *v.* Linfield match, Belfast, Allister got his leg broken. (It is further reported that as the match was drawing to a close the play became exceptionally rough, and one player, after having been twice cautioned for tripping, was ordered off the field.)

March 22. A young man named Shoesmith, while playing in a Rugby football match at Whitworth, received injuries to the spine from which he died in terrible agony.

March 29. This melancholy list closes by recording the death of Smith, of St. Helens, who was injured at a match at West Leigh, and died on Tuesday of paralysis and fractured spine.

During the season references, without particulars, have been made to accidents incurred in football by Geary, Stoddart, Winterbotham, and Bonsor (Cork half-back); while two well-known players, Hay and Drabble, have, perhaps, testified to some indirect ill effect of the game by a suicide and sudden death, respectively.

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OCCASIONAL NOTES.

A wet Bank Holiday! It is a great misfortune, the measure of which cannot be given better than in the inimitable words of the board school essayist:—

Bank Holidays are the happiest days of all your life. . . . Theres only one thing that spoils Bank Holidays, and that is not being fine and hot. When it's wet all the gentlemen get savige, and fight one another, and pull their sweetarts and missises about. I'm very sorry for them all round, because it is a shame for to see. But when it's fine and hot, the gentlemen all larf and are kind, and the women dance about and drink beer like the gentlemen. Everybody's right, and boys don't get skittled round.

To-day, we are afraid, boys will "get skittled round," unless indeed the splendid changeableness of the English climate comes to the rescue at the twelfth hour, and makes a fine afternoon after all out of a wet morning.

Touching this changeableness of the climate, Mr. R. D. Blackmore (who is so much less successful as a market-gardener than as a novelist) sends the *Times* the following pointed little letter under the heading "Fruit and Frost":—

The annual lesson is read once more to those genial fanatics who are constantly urging upon us the culture of "fruit for profit." Every morning of this week has been frosty; and at 6 A.M. to-day the thermometer stood at 26 deg., not on the grass, but 6 feet from the ground. This is no great rarity, but happens in almost every April, and not uncommonly in May.

And yet the poets and their allies (we are not sure that Mr. Blackmore himself is not among the number) continue year after year and age after age to sing the praises of the English spring. His majesty—"the year's pleasant King," they call him—is an arrant impostor.

In his third letter on Mr. Balfour's Bill—published in to-day's *Morning Post*—Lord Randolph Churchill sketches the conditions under which alone a Land Purchase Bill would be justifiable. They are these:—

The Irish people, speaking through their parliamentary representatives, and operating through popularly-elected local bodies established for all purposes of local government, approaching the Imperial Exchequer and Parliament, demanding the assistance of British credit with the object of enabling those popularly elected local bodies to discharge their local government duties more fully and efficiently than without such assistance they could discharge them; each local body acting under the mandate of its electors and through the parliamentary representatives, pledging and hypothecating the rate-revenues which it raises and controls.

Here, says Lord Randolph, "we have a condition of things the exact converse of what the Government contemplate." Yes: and the exact converse, he might have added, of what will ever be possible under a coercionist Administration.

It is here that the weakness of Lord Randolph's position lies. Up to a certain point he faces the facts with a robust indifference to consequences which is wholly admirable. But beyond that point he indulges in quite absurd delusions. Referring to the conditions above cited, he says:—

He who decides that such circumstances are too ideal and cannot be attained admits the full force of the case for Home Rule, and surrenders the case for the maintenance of the Union. Such an admission and such a surrender I am not prepared to make.

That is to say, Lord Randolph still cherishes the hope of seeing Home Rule conditions secured without the grant of Home Rule. If Lord Randolph's letters are intended to pave the way for his conversion to Home Rule, they are much to the point. If they are based on any belief that Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour will adopt a "frankly democratic" policy in Ireland, he is simply beating the air.

It is becoming quite difficult to keep up with the young man in a hurry who is making the German throne so splendid an engine of reform, and who measures so strictly his duties by his opportunities. His latest move, the Cabinet order about the Prussian army, is aimed at two of the besetting sins of German military society—at the spirit of aristocratic exclusiveness, and the plutocratic cultivation of luxury. There is something of the grand style in the way in which the young Emperor is thus setting himself in every sphere to right the wrong, to put down the mighty, and to raise the down-trodden.

Half the ships that sailed the ocean last year carried the British flag, and of 6,800,000 tons which passed through the Suez Canal 5,400,000 tons were British. On this "amazing fact" the *Spectator* makes some interesting reflections:—

Why (it asks) should we thus beat countries like France, Italy, and Austria, which have every advantage of us in position for the Oriental trade, and can produce any number of cheap sailors? Is it all natural adaptability for a seafaring life, or ready command of capital, or both together? We should like to comprehend, too, if we could, why, when Asia produces some of the best sailors in the world, and possesses some of the richest merchants, she secures almost no part of the carrying trade. The Arabs have a sort of genius for the sea; yet they do not carry now even the pilgrims from India to Mecca.

England, according to the proverbial saying, is a nation of shop-keepers. Would it not be more to the purpose to say that we are a nation of carriers?

The Spitalfields Vestry, which meets on Friday next, has an excellent chance of adding to the "open spaces" of the East-end. The churchyard of the parish is an acre in extent, and there is no reason why it should not be converted into a public garden after the fashion that has been so successful elsewhere. The Metropolitan Gardens Association has expressed its willingness to carry out the necessary alterations and to maintain the garden for a year. As there is no such garden within walking distance, and as the district is a very poor one, the boon to the neighbourhood would be very great. Moreover, two generous friends have promised to contribute £50 for five years for the maintenance of the place; so that the Vestry will have no excuse, on the score of expense, for declining to convert the graveyard into a garden.

Another important Vestry meeting is to be held this week. This is at Cookham, at noon to-morrow, when the question of diverting certain ancient footpaths in the district will come up for discussion. The "improving" landowner is very much abroad, it seems, in the region of Cookham and Maidenhead, and unless a firm stand is made by the parishioners, several footpaths are likely to disappear. In a "Book of General Knowledge," published 200 years ago, the parishioners of Cookham are described as being "noted for their independent spirit and unswerving opposition to any tampering with their privileges." There is much need for a like spirit to-day—not at Cookham only.

The strike in the boot trade seems happily in a fair way of settlement in the men's favour. There can surely be no second opinion as to the justice of their demand. They ask that the employers shall provide workshops for them, instead of making them take the work home to do. The present condition of things causes more direct misery than can be well imagined by any one not personally acquainted with the lives of the workers in this particular industry. What with high rents and low wages, the average London shoemaker cannot afford in many cases more than one room, and in scarcely any case more than two. This room of his has to serve as workshop, and with that there is an end to any kind of domestic comfort. The women and children of the family are pressed into the work, and the whole home life of the man is completely deranged. Any one who has seen the interior of such a "home" will recognize the crying nature of the grievance. A bed in one corner; a table in another; the rest of the room taken up with two or three lasts fixed up, at which father and sons work while the mother goes to and from the employer's place to get fresh work or take back that which is finished; the whole place filled with a litter of dirty leather shavings and a dust of leather scrapings. The only other industries in which this home-working is thus used as a glaring means of getting round the Factory Acts are the worst paid kind of women's work—artificial flower making and the like—and the sweating department of the tailoring trade. The shoemakers will deserve every congratulation if they succeed in getting free from such a scandalous system.

IS INSANITY ON THE INCREASE?

By Mr. W. J. Corbet, M.P.

I DEALT with this question at some length in the April number of the *Fortnightly Review* in 1884, and showed that up to that time a progressive increase had gone on for a long series of years. A fresh addition of 1,872 lunatics has taken place each year since. What is the course pursued with regard to this most insidious and terrible malady, this scourge of civilization, for savage nations practically know it not? Ingenuity is exhausted in the endeavour to minimize the prevalence of the disease. The reality of the increase is met by the assurance that it is only "apparent," "the accumulation of chronic cases," or "the discovery of fresh cases whose existence was not previously known." How very "apparent" the increase is will be seen by the figures given below. These explanations have been too often repeated; they were used twenty-five years ago when the insane were less by 50,000 than they are now—as explanations they are threadbare and valueless. Whither are we tending? Asylums are multiplied all over the country, with improved methods and appliances for the treatment and "cure" of the insane, and what do we find—instead of lessening the number the very opposite effect is reached.

In 1859 the number of registered lunatics in the United Kingdom, Ireland included, was little over 50,000. Lord Shaftesbury, then chairman of the Lunacy Commissioners, was asked in examination before a Select Committee of the House of Commons—"Is insanity on the increase?" He replied, "I will state my opinion, which is pretty well borne out by my brother Commissioners, and a good many others, that the increase of lunacy is unquestionable, but it is not by any means in the ratio of the increase of the population."

Lord Shaftesbury admitted the increase, with a qualification. How erroneous the qualification was is shown by the following figures:—

Date.	Number of Insane.	Population.	Ratio of Insane per 1,000.
1862.....	55,525	29,197,737	1.81
1872.....	77,013	31,842,522	2.41
1882.....	98,371	34,738,814	2.84
1889.....	111,979	37,808,892	2.9

This table, compiled from the Parliamentary Reports, shows that while the numbers of the insane in the United Kingdom have more than doubled within a brief period, the ratio as regards population has increased from 1.81 to 2.9. A paper was read the other day at the Statistical Society, when eleven different reasons were given in an attempt to make out that insanity is not on the increase; but arguments and opinions do not disprove facts. Within the last week a number of lunacy cases were dealt with in the police courts. Almost every day we read of homicides, followed by the suicide of the poor creature who does the deed. Children are killed by parents, wives by husbands, husbands by wives. Sane people do not take the lives of their kith and kin and then cut their own throats. Gruesome as the subject is, it is a duty to speak out upon it. Lunacy has been very much legislated upon. Up to 1886, 55 Acts were passed for England. Last year an Act of 94 clauses became law, and there is now a Consolidation Bill of 342 clauses before Parliament. It would be a great consolation to think that all this legislation and the vast annual expenditure on the insane was tending in any degree to stop the spread of the disease. Unfortunately no such happy result is yet in view.

THE CREWE "MURDERERS."

To the Editor *of the* Pall Mall Gazette.

Sir,—The Home Secretary's decision to distinguish between the two Crewe murderers, so as to let off the more guilty on the ground that he is slightly the younger, is lamentable, and settles no principle. But we must look to some future and less effete and conventional Home Secretary for such a grand step forward as would have been implied by the commutation of the sentence on both boys. To hang even one of the boys will nerve the arm of every tyrannical father and husband in England; and the tyranny of such men is far more cruel and irresponsible than any which can be practised by prison governor, workhouse-schoolmaster, or navy captain. It will confirm the dark, sinister, and old-world feeling in favour of the *patria potestas* which has dictated so many of the arguments in favour of hanging the boys. What we want to establish—in the best interests of family life—is the doctrine that, while father and child owe an unpayable and immeasurable debt to the mother, a child owes no debt to its father from the mere fact of paternity—although, of course, a good father may subsequently create a claim to gratitude in the form of a debt of nurture—and that therefore the act of killing a persistently tyrannical father does not differ from the killing of any other person under circumstances of grievous or perhaps intolerable provocation. When this doctrine has become a commonplace, there will be no more Mr. Davieses, and many a thousand English homes will be changed from a hell into a heaven.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, F.

April 5.

THE DELAGOA BAY RAILWAYS.

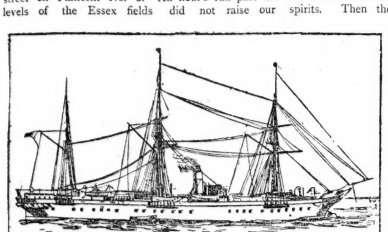
To the Editor *of the* Pall Mall Gazette.

Sir,—I venture to ask space in your columns for some remarkable information which has come to me from a reliable source relating to the seizure of the Delagoa Bay Railway by the Portuguese Government. The company's railway and property were confiscated by the Portuguese Government on the ground that the line had not reached the frontier between the Portuguese and Transvaal territories. The Portuguese altered the frontier after the completion of the original line, which was built in accordance with official plans furnished by the Government to a point marked "*frontier.*" When this alteration took place the company not unnaturally asked the Government whether the new point marked was the frontier; but the only result was that the new frontier afforded quite sufficient excuse for the appropriation of the company's property by the Portuguese Government. Now, my correspondent in Lisbon writes me that the Transvaal Government will have nothing to do with the imaginary frontier laid down by Senhor Barros Gomes, the late Minister for Foreign Affairs at Lisbon, apparently solely and only for purposes of confiscation, and that the Portuguese Government have appointed and are now sending out a Commissioner to fix the frontier with the Boers. Were it not so serious for the Delagoa Bay Railway Company it would be almost comic to think their property was seized for not building to the frontier, nearly a year ago, and that this month a Commission is to decide where that frontier is! Can inconsistency go further? Can dishonesty be more transparent? The Portuguese Government called the seizure of the railway "sequestration," which may be euphonious, but I venture to say the action taken by that Government savours more of highway robbery.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient servant, E. C.

London, April 5, 1890.

YACHTING IN A TWO THOUSAND TONNER.

Only a week ago (says a correspondent from the Mediterranean, writing before the late spell of brilliant weather had set in) since we left England in the steam yacht *Ceylon*. Can we still be on the same planet, or have we realized an imagination after the manner of Jules Verne? On Saturday, London bitterly cold, and sodden with unceasing rain, and we, wrapped in ulsters, were shivering at Fenchurch-street on Platform No. 3. An hour's run past the drenched and dismal levels of the Essex fields did not raise our spirits. Then the



S.S. "CEYLON."

dripping umbrellas again as we streamed on board the tender that takes us out to the yacht moored in the leaden-coloured Thames off Gravesend! Our friends who came to see us start were too depressed to give us a send-off cheer when they returned in the tender. And this after a champagne luncheon and a menu seldom set before them that go down to the sea in ships. We felt it. At the cry "Any more for the shore?" we wondered whether yachting in March was not a mistake. Were it not better done as others used to go to the Riviera in search of sunshine, crossing the silver streak instead of the Bay of Biscay?

Anchoring for the night off Sheerness, a wise measure in such dirty weather, the next three days were spent in fighting our way against an adverse wind down Channel, and across to the coast of Spain. The skies grew blue and the wind was tempered with a hint of coming warmth. Rugs and wraps were no longer required as furniture for the deck chair. We began to say, "It is good for us to be here," as we coasted along the orange-tinted cliffs of Portugal. Soon we met with fishing-boats—low-sided craft, with gaudily painted hulls and two lateen sails of snowy cotton. They looked like white-winged butterflies settled on the water. They skimmed the sparkling sea. The white horses have gone to their rest, and the waves are but pony waves now. St. Vincent was passed at night, but did we not make intimate acquaintance with Finisterre, the lonely Burlings and the Estellas, stars of the sea, hitherto known but as geographical expressions, a living memory for us now for evermore?

And now another Saturday morning and we are at anchor in Gibraltar Bay, a bow-shot or so from the landing-stage at Ragged Staff. Beneath us a glassy sea radiant with tints that Salviati could not reproduce, above a sky without a cloud—blue as with thrice the blueness of a perfect English day, and aglow with warmth and light; before, as in a sunlit panorama, the great rock Fortress. Long lines of fortified wall at the water's edge between the jutting arms of the Old and New Mole—here a fort, and there a bastion; next the town, the houses massed or straggling as the builders found a foothold for them. The houses are yellowish white, with verandahs, and red, low-pitched roofs, and are of an architecture of the East. The intense colours, blues and greens, of the vegetation strike us, as if here sap coursed more freely through the veins of Flora under the southern sun. Almost to the summit the Rock is clothed with verdure, and the grey crags (for the formation is limestone) stand out in bold relief. We marvel at the force of the shadows. Here is the place for the artist who can paint sunshine and shadow to fix his easel and be happy. But the steam launch is waiting, trim but roomy and comfortably cushioned, and the ladder down to it a veritable stairway, safe to the contentment of the most timid invalid. Away glide the first party, the eager ones, though the day is still young, and will not the steam launch ply twixt yacht and landing-stage every half-hour during the day?

The way to enjoy Gib is certainly to leave the faithful but too prosaic Murray in your cabin. When you land, treat with scorn all proffers from guide and driver and donkey-boy. Cross the drawbridges as if to the manner born; pass the semi-tropic garden that fills the corner space to the entrance to the town, noting as you pass on the right the disused nook filled with graves where some of the heroes of Trafalgar sleep, brought here to die of their wounds. Next ask the first soldier the way to the D.A.G.'s office, where a pass is courteously given admitting to the famous galleries. The summit is now *tabu* to all not employed on the new works in progress there, but the lower of the three tiers of galleries will amply suffice us. This dates from the last century, and most of it was tunnelled out during the great four-years' siege from 1789 to 1793. A leisurely stroll upwards to the Moorish castle takes us in the right direction for the entrance. We note the steep ascending alleys are named ramps, for we are in a fortress. One is lettered "Right-Shoulders-Forward," quaint word of command of the days of powder and pigtail and the manœuvres of Dundas. We reach an old world guard-room, with a large fig-tree, leafless now, for the time of figs is not yet. Just within the Moorish arch of the gateway we are arrested by the trim artillery sentry, with his Martini carbine on his arm. A white-gaitered grenadier of Ligonier's were more in keeping with the scene. The corporal of the guard inspects our pass, and we write our names in a book, and are then handed over to a warrant officer, a master gunner, who has the keys of the gallery doors. We ascend by a covered way a deep trench sunk in the solid rock, so that our heads are well below the surface—a surface liable to be swept in time of siege with fragments of shell and whistling mitraille, now carpeted with verdure among the jutting rocks. Here spring is already at work with her flower show. Already tall plants of some kind of allium are beautiful with spikes of reddish-white blossom, innocent of the scent of garlic, the badge of most of the tribe. A purple saffron, with orange-coloured centre, nestles in clusters in the nooks, and a shrub of genista is bursting out into golden bloom. We soon reach the mouth of the gloomy gallery, closed by a strong palisaded door. The tunnel is some ten feet wide by twelve feet high, and ascends gently. We pass here under a water-drip, which increases to a shower bath after rain; and we notice the grim black guns have wooden water-proofs to protect them. Glorious are the views that are given by successive embrasures. Far beneath, as a cardboard model, lies fort and casemate and the houses of the town, but beyond them the azure sea. No model is suggested by that. Anon we reach a battery where the cannon point to Spain. Beneath we see the race-course, already green, though worn bare with the tramp of marching men, for it is the drill-ground of the garrison. Here, with their backs to the Mediterranean Sea, are rows of targets painted with black figures, reduced by the distance down to the size of dots. These are being fired at by squads of other black dots. Real live ones these, for the King's Royal Rifles are at musketry practice. Faint comes the crack of the Martinis, and tiny are the puffs of blue smoke. Beyond them stretches across the isthmus the narrow grey mound of sand, pierced at the centre by the broad white road that leads to Spain. Wayfarers must keep to this, for on that bank at intervals are nine sentry-boxes. Between them by night and day, year in, year out, pace the British sentinels that watch the neutral ground. Neutral in tint also, a level plain and bare; for here grows neither grass, nor tree, nor flower. We guess it to be about a mile across to the Spanish lines and the white-walled houses of the little town which arises on the further verge of this little desert.

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TWO BOOKS ON PHILOSOPHY.*

Philosophy is undoubtedly *caviare* to the multitude. As a public, we are too much engrossed with the material necessities of daily life to have either time or inclination for speculating upon the origin and *raison d'être* of the external world or the nature of the human mind. Probably Byron's couplet—

> When Bishop Berkeley said there was no matter,
> And proved it, 'twas no matter what he said,

and Dr. Johnson's equally famous refutation of the learned Bishop by means of his walking-stick, would "bring down the house" where Plato's most charming dialogue, or a modern equivalent of it, if one could be found, would wreck the fortunes of twenty managers. No; we talk in an airy way about philosophy occasionally, but we don't study it much, and still less are we acquainted with the history of it. Not one in a hundred of us knows how old Thales of Miletus led the way among the ancients in seeking for a First Cause of all things, and triumphantly decided in favour of Water; nor perhaps would many of us make any better use of our knowledge than to illustrate the danger of a little learning by selecting the sage's name as an occasional rhyme to "Wales," or by innocently quoting him as a type of a full-blown philosopher. It is not likely, therefore, that the splendid monument of patient labour, critical acumen, and admirable methodical treatment, which lies before us in the shape of a "History of Philosophy," by Professor J. E. Erdmann, will enjoy the circulation commanded by a work from the pen of a popular novelist. Yet it is scarcely too much to predict that for the library of the savant, for the academical student, whose business it is to be primed in the wisdom of ages, and for the literary dilettante, who is nothing if not well up in "things that everybody ought to know," these volumes will at once become a necessity, for purposes at least of reference, if not of actual study. The matured scholar is, of course, aware that Dr. Erdmann's "Geschichte" has for the past five-and-twenty years been the standard authority on the subject in Germany, and its appearance in an English form cannot be too highly appreciated. We possess nothing that can bear any comparison with it in point of completeness. G. H. Lewes's "History of Philosophy" deals quite summarily with the thousand years of transition period between the ancient and modern systems; Schwegler's "Outlines," translated by Stirling, and originally written for an encyclopædia, dismisses this part of the subject even more briefly, and in the modern period stops short of Hegel. Dr. Erdmann, while treating other subjects with all necessary fulness, devotes no less than 500 out of the 700 pages of his first volume to mediæval philosophy, and to his review of the modern period there is added a voluminous appendix embracing the history of philosophy since Hegel. This latter portion will be specially interesting to those who would decide for themselves whether any important or even appreciable development has taken place in a school of thought which, if not practically extinct, certainly makes little headway elsewhere than in Germany. For developments, or otherwise, in the speculations of the opposite school the reader will look in vain. Dr. Erdmann is a thoroughgoing Idealist, and declines to recognize Positivism or the Evolutionists, except in a few notices contemptuous alike in their briefness and their tone. This omission will probably cause profound disappointment to a large class of inquirers, nor indeed can the exclusion from these pages of theories that command such widespread belief be viewed otherwise than as matter for regret.

Yet it must, perhaps, be admitted that from his own point of view the Professor has justification for denying the name of "Philosophy" to those purely materialistic systems which accept no explanation of Nature beyond observed laws of phenomena. At the same time these latter are popularly dignified with the name of Philosophy, and, what is more, for all their materialistic tendencies, they are becoming the dominant influences in modern thought. We cannot help this. It is the outcome of the rationalizing spirit that has moved the Western world for three hundred years, and has led us at last to accept, for want of something better, a theory that affiliates us to the monkey, and to welcome zoology as a rational explanation of man, body and soul. There is, however, a point at which, thank goodness, the worm turns. It is unpleasant enough to have to sit quietly still under the announcement that our bodily shape has descended to us quite naturally from the hairy brutes of the forest, but it is infuriating to be told that the divine intellect of humanity differs nothing in kind from the fatuous perceptions of the goose that cackles at us, or the dull receptivities of the oyster we swallow. Yet this is the theory that the Darwinian must hold if he is true to his colours; and Dr. G. J. Romanes in his "Mental Evolution in Man," lately published, has pursued the subject to its full logical conclusion, and satisfactorily—from his own point of view—established as a fundamental truth the essential bestiality of man. Those who, like Moses in the "Vicar of Wakefield," "decline thus tamely to submit to arguments so heterodox" will find a vigorous denouncement of this theory in Professor St. George Mivart's "Origin of Human Reason." Professor Mivart has long been known as a determined opponent of the Darwinian theory, and many of his published works, such as "Nature and Thought," "The Genesis of Species," &c., will be familiar to readers interested in the subject. The present volume, though stoutly polemical, is written in a tone of fairness and studied courtesy throughout, and those of us who still believe in our possession of a *divine particula auræ* will find abundant comfort in its perusal.

* "A History of Philosophy." By J. E. Erdmann. Translated by Williston S. Hough, Ph.M. Three vols. (London: Sonnenschein; New York: Macmillan.)

"The Origin of Human Reason." By St. George Mivart, Ph.D., M.D., F.R.S. (Kegan Paul and Co.)

"A KEY TO THE IRISH QUESTION."

Mr. J. A. Fox is an able writer on Irish affairs, and his "Key" (Kegan Paul and Co.) has marvellous unlocking power. Nearly all other writers on the Irish question have narrowed their range of vision to that subject alone, with a gain in point of concentration and passion, but a loss in point of breadth, historic treatment, and general effectiveness. Mr. Fox surveys the whole field of agrarian eviction, and with most interesting results. England was the first to come within the range of eviction terrors, and Mr. Fox shows how agricultural clearances were effected, and what Churchmen and jurists thought of them. He then passes on to the story of Ireland, reserving that of Scotland, which really comes second in chronological order, for an important appendix, which deserves careful reading. The Scotch crofters were often forcibly emigrated, their houses burnt, and shelter denied them. Mr. Fox hardly says as much, but he leaves us to infer that, if the crofters had resisted as the Irish have done, they would have escaped their present practical extermination. Glens that once furnished us with our regiments of stalwart men are now barren deer-forests. In 1845 the *Times* declared that if these clearances were but exposed "to the gaze of the world, general indignation and disgust may effect what moral obligations and humanity cannot." Ireland's sufferings have been so exposed, and we find that Irish peasants are blamed for not suffering in silence the same extermination which has befallen the Scottish crofters. Mr. Fox's indefatigable industry enables him to invest an old subject with new attractions; and his chapter on England's obligations to Ireland, notably in military and naval matters, side by side with General Butler's lament on the decay of our Highland recruiting ground, which he quotes in the appendix, will be read with vivid interest by all persons, whether they be politicians or not, who may then be able to foresee that England may some day suffer in a great war for the sins her legislators have winked at and her great landowners have committed.

Bord's Pianos.—2s per cent. discount for cash, or 15s. per month (Second-hand 10s. 6d. per month) on the three years' system. Illustrated List free of CHAS. STILES and CO., 84, SOUTHAMPTON-ROW, HOLBORN, W.C. Pianos exchanged.

City Notes.

Should our Horses be Shod?

We have received numerous inquiries with respect to our recent article on the shoeing of horses, and among those who have contributed their own experience is "A Traveller," who writes:—

Your article on this subject has attracted my notice, and I have no hesitation in asserting that shoeing is not necessary, but the contrary, and also that if our horses went unshod they would be less liable to diseases of the feet and to accidents from slipping. I have known three cases where the owners of horses discontinued the practice of shoeing, and with the best results. In one case I was the means of inducing the owner to try the plan in consequence of his informing me that a favourite horse of his, which he and his wife were in the habit of driving, suffered from "running thrushes," which he had tried every means to cure, without success. At first he could not believe that his horse could travel on the ordinary country roads without shoes, but they have now been discontinued for five or six years, and he assured me, when I saw him last year, that the horse has never had a day's lameness since. When in South Africa (Natal), from 1871 till 1872, I never had my horses shod, and though the roads were extremely hard, and I travelled sometimes 50 or 60 miles a day on them, I never had a lame horse.

Inquiries in the East Riding of Yorkshire (writes another correspondent) would probably produce several instances of horses being ridden and hunted without shoes. Grayson, of Sledmere, is a well-known figure in the E.R. For many years he was the late Sir Tatton Sykes's groom, and he rode with him to London when Sir F. Grant painted the baronet's portrait. Grayson, whose experience is considerable, has been heard to advocate the working of horses unshod. It is also said that Sir Charles Strickland's thoroughbreds have been hunted without shoes.

From America to Europe in Four Days.

A number of English and Canadian capitalists are seeking to incorporate a company in Canada for the purpose of shortening and accelerating the Atlantic passage. Instead of 3,052 miles between New York and Liverpool they propose to reduce the sea voyage to 1,700 miles by making St. Charles Bay on the Labrador coast and Milford Haven the ports of shipment. To get to St. Charles Bay a railway would have to be constructed from Quebec a distance of 844 miles. According to the projectors the present and new routes from Chicago would thus compare:—

Via New York.	Days.	Hours.	Via St. Charles Bay.	Days.	Hours.
Chicago to New York	0	23½	Chicago to St. Charles Bay	1	23
New York to Liverpool ...	6	8½	St. Charles Bay to Milford	3	13
	7	8		5	12

As the distance from Chicago to St. Charles Bay is 1,880 miles, it is doubtful whether the journey could be made in the time allowed, which means a through rate of forty miles an hour. In the winter the trip would also be extremely trying, while the sea passage, if shorter, would be more risky. The projected route has certainly many disadvantages, and the question is whether the saving of a day and a half on the journey from Chicago would more than compensate travellers to and from the West. The capital of the projected company is £5,000,000, and it is hoped that a large subsidy will be granted by the Canadian Governments, Federal and Provincial.

A Novel Method of Storing Grain.

Those who are putting their money in American grain elevators should remember that the inventiveness of the Yankee has no limit, and that Americans are not so slow as we are to adopt a new idea if there is anything in it. Consul Seagrave, writing from Baltimore, states that the substitution of steel tanks for grain elevators is now under consideration. The tanks are intended not only to store but to preserve the wheat. When filled a percentage of air is exhausted and a quantity of carbonic acid gas admitted. The valves are then closed, and the grain, it is said, will keep sound for years. The grain is handled in a simple and effective way, being drawn into the tank by means of a suction-pipe. The tanks can be constructed at a cost averaging from 2*d.* to 2½*d.* each bushel of capacity, which is about a tenth of the amount expended on elevators. For £100 a farmer can procure storage for 10,000 bushels. Should the process prove a success, a great change will come over the speculation in breadstuffs, as the farmer can hold his crop when the market is put down against him without fear of deterioration.

The Ladies' Corner.

THE RIBBON OF THE SUNFLOWER.

Many of our readers (says the *Women's Suffrage Journal*) have probably never heard of the "yellow ribbon," familiar though we all are with the blue ribbon and white ribbon of temperance organizations. Nevertheless the "yellow sunflower ribbon" seems rapidly becoming as marked an emblem of a supporter of women's suffrage in the United States as the blue ribbon is of a temperance advocate amongst ourselves.

The idea emanated from Kansas, where the president of the Kansas Equal Rights Association first suggested it about three years ago, and was received with enthusiasm by men and women, whether members of the association or not. In a few weeks the idea spread beyond Kansas, and was taken up by both the National and American Woman Suffrage Associations. Already it is beginning to attract to itself those associations of ideas which give force and significance to a badge. Thus a correspondent in Kansas writes: "Fancies have gathered round it, so that the sunflower is peculiarly appropriate for suffragists, since this flower follows civilization, always looks towards the light, is trampled on but not killed, and comes up anew every year in spite of discouraging frosts. The colour is also appropriate in itself, being one of the primal tints, 'born of purity and light,' the hue of cheering sunshine, of precious gold, and of the fruitful heart of flowers, and the symbol of dawn."

H. B.

TO-DAY'S NEW BOOKS.

[Publishers would greatly oblige by stating the prices of books. Any notices under this head do not preclude further review should such seem to be necessary.]

Bülbung, Karl D., M.A., Ph.D. (Editor). "The Compleat English Gentleman." By Daniel Defoe. (David Nutt.)
[Edited for the first time from the author's autograph MS. in the British Museum, with introduction, notes, and index. Cloth, lxxxiv., 396.]

Carpenter, J. Estlin, M.A. "The First Three Gospels: Their Origin and Relations." (Sunday School Association.)
[A "Biblical Manual." An exposition of the modes of thought and feeling which helped to shape the Gospel narratives, and a description of the growth of the documents in which they were finally embodied. Cloth. Pp. xv., 398.]

Ebers, Georg. "Joshua: A Story of Biblical Life." (Leipzig: Tauchnitz; London: Sampson Low.)
[The latest addition to the Tauchnitz series, in two volumes.]

Eimer, G. H. Theodor. "Organic Evolution as the Result of the Inheritance of Acquired Characters according to the Law of Organic Growth." (Macmillan.)
[Translated from the German by Mr. J. T. Cunningham. Cloth. Pp. xxviii., 436. Price 12*s. 6d.*]

Garcke, Emile, and J. M. Fells. "Factory Accounts: their Principles and Practice." (Crosby Lockwood and Co.)
[A handbook for accountants and manufacturers. Third edition. Cloth. Pp. xiv., 242.]

Hutchinson, Horace G. "Golf." (Longmans, Green, and Co.)
[A volume of the "Badminton Library," with contributions by Lord Wellwood, Sir Walter Simpson, Bart., Mr. Balfour, Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. H. S. C. Everard, and others. Illustrations by Thomas Hodge and Harry Furniss. Cloth. Pp. xiv., 464. Price 10*s. 6d.*]

"Longfellow's Latest Poems." (Routledge and Sons.)
[A welcome addition to Routledge's Pocket Library—a collection of copyright poems. Half cloth. Pp. 318. Price 1*s.*]

Miles, Alfred H. "The New Temperance Reciter." (Hutchinson and Co.)
[Extracts from Robert Buchanan, George Macdonald, Sims, Dickens, and others. Cloth. Pp. 200. Price 1*s.*]

Sharp, William. "Life of Robert Browning." (Walter Scott.)
[A *mémoire pour servir*, forming a volume of the "Great Writers Series." Cloth. Pp. 220 and xxii. Price 1*s.*]

A WHOLESOME FAMILY BEVERAGE.—Rose's Lime Juice Cordial is entirely free of spirit and supplies a delicious drink in water, assisting digestion, cooling and purifying the blood. Recommended by the *Lancet*. Purchasers should order ROSE'S CORDIAL, and obtain the Genuine Article

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Announcements of Births, Marriages, and Deaths are inserted for 5*s. each.*

SAVOY THEATRE.—Proprietor and Manager, R. D'OYLY CARTE. THIS (Monday) EVENING, at 8.30, the entirely original Comic Opera in Two Acts, entitled THE GONDOLIERS, by W. S. GILBERT and ARTHUR SULLIVAN. Doors open at 8. MORNING PERFORMANCE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30. Doors open at 2. Box-office open daily from 10 a.m. till 11 p.m.

NIXIE.—New play by Mrs. HODGSON BURNETT and STEPHEN TOWNESEND. THIS and EVERY AFTERNOON (except Saturday), at 2.30.
Mesdames Helen Forsyth, Ruth Rutland, Caroline Ewell, Charlotte Morland, Lucy Webling, &c. Messrs. Lewis Waller, Julian Cross, Walter Russell, William Herbert, &c. Seats can now be booked.—TERRY'S THEATRE.

OPERA COMIQUE.—Lessee, F. J. HARRIS.
Under the Management of H. GIETTES LONSDALE.
EVERY EVENING at 8, SATURDAYS at 2.30
LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE.
SHIEL BARRY, CHARLES ASHFORD, and
VIOLET CAMERON
SPECIAL MATINEES TO-DAY (Easter Monday) and WEDNESDAY, 2.30 P.M.
Box-office open 10 to 5. Business Manager, Mr. WILLIAM HOGARTH.

ROYAL AQUARIUM.—EASTER MONDAY.—SUCCI, who is doing a feat of forty days, and has had no food for twenty-one days, will receive Holiday Visitors from 10 A.M. until 11.30 P.M. all day. He is watched day and night by Doctors, Pressmen, and Laymen. Admission, One Shilling. Succi lost 21 lb. 6 oz. up to the eighteenth day, but his muscular strength remains almost normal.

ROYAL AQUARIUM. EASTER MONDAY.—GRAND DAY and NIGHT CARNIVAL. The Entertainment will positively start at 11 A.M., and terminate at 11.30 P.M. Doors open at 10 A.M. The Mammoth Programme will include Zoeo, the sensation of Europe, and Ella Zeila and Lulu, the inimitable Performers on the lofty wire (100 feet long and 20 feet high). Admission One Shilling. Children Sixpence.

ROYAL AQUARIUM THEATRE. (Entrance from Tothill-street and Royal Aquarium.)—ELECTRIC SUCCESS of T. A. KENNEDY, MESMERIST, KING LAUGH MAKER of the WORLD. 120 Laughs in 120 minutes. Twice Daily, at 4.15 and 8.15. Admission One Shilling.

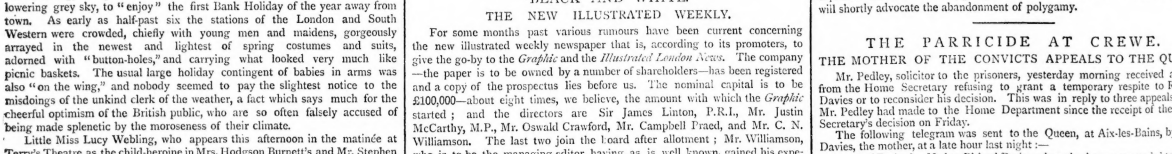
NIAGARA IN LONDON. COLOSSAL PANORAMA OF THE GREAT FALLS. Lounge, Music, Stereoscopic Views of all America, Cheap Restaurant. Fogs defeated. Electric Light. Building properly warmed. Admission 1s. Tickets at libraries and hotels. No fees. 20 to 36—YORK STREET, WESTMINSTER, St. James's Park Station. Second Year. One Million Visitors.

ART GALLERIES.

SPORTS AND ARTS EXHIBITION.—GROSVENOR GALLERY, New Bond-street, W., will be open on EASTER MONDAY and during Easter Week, and finally CLOSE on April 15. Ten to Seven. Admission 1s.

THE NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB.—FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of MODERN PICTURES, NOW OPEN from March 31st to May 8th. Ten to Six. HUMPHREY'S MANSION, KNIGHTSBRIDGE (opposite the Barracks).

TUDOR EXHIBITION.—Patron, H.M. the QUEEN; Vice-Patron, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. NOW OPEN. (Last week. Will CLOSE April 12th.) NEW GALLERY, REGENT-STREET. 10 to 6. Admission 1s. Hon. HAROLD DILLON, Secretary.



Readings by NEGRETTI and ZAMBRA'S *Instruments.*

SECOND EDITION.

Pall Mall Gazette Office,

2, NORTHUMBERLAND-STREET, STRAND, W.C.

It was really astonishing to see what crowds of holiday-makers set out this morning, in spite of rain and the promise of much more rain in the lowering grey sky, to "enjoy" the first Bank Holiday of the year away from town. As early as half-past six the stations of the London and South Western were crowded, chiefly with young men and maidens, gorgeously arrayed in the newest and lightest of spring costumes and suits, adorned with "button-holes," and carrying what looked very much like picnic baskets. The usual large holiday contingent of babies in arms was also "on the wing," and nobody seemed to pay the slightest notice to the misdoings of the unkind clerk of the weather, a fact which says much for the cheerful optimism of the British public, who are so often falsely accused of being made splenetic by the moroseness of their climate.

Little Miss Lucy Webling, who appears this afternoon in the matinée at Terry's Theatre as the child-heroine in Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's and Mr. Stephen Townesend's new play, "Nixie," is one of the three young ladies who scored such successes as "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and after nearly 500 performances of the chief part in the latter play, Miss "Nixie" has entered upon her new task with intense interest and pleasure. On the play having to be "cut down" to some extent while the rehearsals were going on, "Nixie," looking through her part, remarked approvingly, "I'm very glad they have broken Nixie of the habit of repeating herself."

Miss Lucy, who is the youngest of the clever Miss Weblings, seems to unite all the talents of the family in her own graceful little person. Her books of poetry contain compositions which would do honour to any poetically-inclined lady of twice her age; her drawings and paintings are full of spirit and imagination, but her family of dolls have also a large part in her heart, and the waxen-faced young gentleman who has accompanied her on all her tours has grown pale and flat-faced from the many kisses lavished upon him by his affectionate mamma.

In "Nixie" Mrs. Burnett and her collaborator again show that child influence is a very important feature in the affairs of life, and that what grown-up people fail to accomplish is often brought about by the influence of a little child. It is to be regretted that Mrs. Burnett, who has taken the deepest interest in the mounting of the play, and especially in little "Nixie," was suddenly called, by telegram, to America a day or two ago, her eldest son being seriously ill. It is, however, hoped by her friends that the sea voyage will benefit Mrs. Burnett, who has not yet recovered from last summer's accident.

Has Professor Huxley really sailed for New Zealand, as the *Times* says? We should be sorry to think that he were going to be absent for so long as such a voyage would involve; but glad to anticipate the interesting reflections which so acute an observer would bring back with him. But, as a matter of fact, we believe that Professor and Mrs. Huxley, though they sailed on Saturday in the *Aorangi*, bound for New Zealand, intend to disembark at the Canaries.

There is no gainsaying the fact, Show Sunday is dying—dying hard, it is true, but still moribund. No one who went the rounds yesterday could have come to any other conclusion—could hardly have failed to wonder at the change that had come over a function which even so late as last year showed all the signs of popular favour and prosperity. In some degree, doubtless, the uncertain weather was a deterrent; to a still greater extent, unquestionably, a fine bright Easter, heralded by an auspicious forecast, interposed and emptied the town of many of those butterflies of fashion and lovers of art who make up the smart rabble who invade the sanctum of the artist. But these considerations scarcely suffice to account for the half-hearted, lukewarm sort of apology for the usual artistic revels. Of course, this was all to the good in the minds of those who really came to see and enjoy pictures instead of merely "doing" studios, talking drivel, and sipping tea.

Sir Frederick Leighton was "not at home" to his world of "acquaintance;" the rest were in to his friends, and these saw and discussed his pictures with an intelligence rarely to be met with on the ordinary Picture Sunday. Mr. Luke Fildes, too, Mr. Dicksee, Mr. Goodall, Mr. Broughton, Mr. MacWhirter, Mr. Phil Morris, Mr. Pettie, and others, all dispensed hospitality; Mr. Morris's fine sea-pieces were presided over by his charming daughters—the artist himself being too unwell, after his repeated attacks of Dengue fever, to do the honours himself; Mrs. Lucas performed the same service for Mr. Seymour Lucas, who was out Show Sundaying on his own account; and so on.

But, on the whole, the Academicians' Sunday was in striking contrast to that of the outsiders last week—delightful for the sober-minded, but disappointing as an artistic festival. And why? Chiefly because some artists, ill-advised and with ill-ordered hospitality, have recently made it a practice to invite the *profanum vulgus* of the art-world and its fringe to throng their studios in unlimited multitudes. If a pretty function is to be saved from falling into desuetude, better sense must prevail in these matters, and the invitations on Show Sunday, regarded as a distinct privilege, be issued with a sparing hand.

The *Speaker* makes a funny little slip in styling Mr. Sotheran, the *doyen* of English booksellers, Mr. *Sullivan*. A paper Unionist might say that our sedate and strenuous contemporary has got Ireland on the brain.

Improvements proceed apace at Bath. One hundred and ninety thousand pounds is the sum which a mammoth hotel, shortly to be erected, will cost; and the ancient Abbey has been brought up to date by a peal of chimes, which rings itself in to-day. The tunes are to be varied daily, and first on the list is "Tom Bowling."

Mr. Stevenson has made an interesting confession. After having graciously given an outline of his new novel, "The Wrecker," he was asked by the cheeky colonial interviewer, "Where do the love episodes come in?" "Oh, there are none," he smilingly responded; "in fact, I am afraid that I have not been altogether successful with my heroines in the past, and I intend to avoid any mistakes of this kind in the future."

Shall we ever have a collected edition of Matthew Arnold's poems in a single volume? Not at present. So we may conclude from one of several letters from Matthew Arnold, which are given by Mr. Arthur Galton (to whom they were addressed) in the new number of the *Century Guild Hobby Horse*. "Macmillan says," wrote the poet in 1887, "he has of course often thought of a single volume, but thinks the time not yet come. He is of opinion that the sort of people who want my poems are people who do not mind a high price if they get a handsome book. The case of Tennyson, he says, is 'somewhat different.' I never have been broadly popular, and I cannot easily bring myself to believe I shall ever become so."

Another letter is interesting as making some sort of amends to Macaulay. "I like both your articles," wrote Matthew Arnold to his disciple, "though perhaps you are a little hard on Macaulay—I have been a little hard on him myself. Such a wonderful correspondence between the man and his medium, as there was between Macaulay and the age in which he lived and worked, has hardly ever been seen; and what is provoking in him—his cock-sureness, his boundless satisfaction—could hardly have been otherwise under the circumstances. After all, he pays a penalty heavier than any which our disparagement can inflict upon him—the penalty that he can hardly be of use to any mortal soul who takes our times and its needs seriously." This is pretty "hard" on Macaulay after all.

For the rest, there are many personal little touches in Mr. Galton's collection of letters which will interest Arnold's admirers. The merit of verses, he says, is "to have and express a definite meaning." Some verses of his own had lain by him for years, "discarded because of an unsatisfactory stanza." "Hard dry winds," he writes from Hastings, "and an aching back; but the sea is always inspiriting." Mr. Galton had sent Matthew Arnold a dachs (as a consolation for the death of his "dear dear mongrel, Kaiser"). "Hans," wrote the poet in acknowledging the gift, "is a perfect dear."

Mr. David Buchanan, M.P., of New South Wales, whose death was announced by cable on Saturday, was a native of Edinburgh, became a barrister of the Middle Temple, developed into a successful criminal lawyer in the colonies, and has sat in the Sydney Parliament off and on for some thirty years. Like his namesake Robert, poet and playwright, he was of a very pugnacious disposition, and was a prominent actor in many of those stormy scenes that have won for the Sydney Parliament an unenviable notoriety. He resembled his London namesake in another particular—in not being overburdened with modesty. He once issued a book entitled "Specimens of Australian Oratory." People bought it under the impression that it comprised selected speeches of Wentworth, Dalley, Martin, Forster, Sir Hercules Robinson, and other colonial orators of the first rank. But when they opened it what was their disgust to find that it was simply and solely a collection of Mr. Buchanan's own speeches!

"BLACK AND WHITE."
THE NEW ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

For some months past various rumours have been current concerning the new illustrated weekly newspaper that is, according to its promoters, to give the go-by to the *Graphic* and the *Illustrated London News*. The company—the paper is to be owned by a number of shareholders—has been registered and a copy of the prospectus lies before us. The nominal capital is to be £100,000—about eight times, we believe, the amount with which the *Graphic* started; and the directors are Sir James Linton, P.R.I., Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., Mr. Oswald Crawford, Mr. Campbell Praed, and Mr. C. N. Williamson. The last two join the board after allotment; Mr. Williamson, who is to be the managing editor, having, as is well known, gained his experience during a long period of years on the editorial staff of the *Graphic*. The prospectus sets forth how the last-mentioned paper and the *Illustrated London News* are both paying an annual dividend of over a hundred per cent., neither having injured the other, and how, after the lapse of twenty years, there is manifestly room for another paper of the very highest artistic excellence, mainly illustrated by wood-engravings of the first merit, while the many mechanical processes, now carried to such great perfection for the direct imitation of artists' work will not be neglected. Such a paper, we are told, *Black and White* is to be, "surpassing all previous efforts of the same kind." A special feature is to be the excellence and variety of the letterpress, a department with much novelty and originality of arrangement. The promoters are not lavish of their suggestions upon paper, doubtless with the idea of not delivering themselves over into the hands of the enemy, but all sorts of new ideas and features are spoken of; and while a rising topic of public interest all the world over is to be dealt with in the illustrations by the best artists of the day, there will be no attempt to follow on old-fashioned lines. No date is definitely mentioned for the appearance of the paper, but we hear on independent authority that the time decided upon is the early autumn.

THE MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF LORD BOYLE.

The mysterious disappearance of Lord Boyle continues (says a Central News telegram from New York) to attract much attention from the newspapers here. The latest advices which have reached Winnipeg from Glacier are to the effect that his lordship remained at the hotel there for a fortnight some time ago and obtained credit from the proprietor on the ground that he expected remittances from England. These do not appear to have arrived, as the proprietor alleges that his bill is still unpaid. His lordship left the town with a miner to inspect a claim in the Kootenay district, and nothing has been heard of him at the hotel since. The general idea is that he is in some outlandish district, and will soon be heard of again.

FRENCH NAVAL CONSTRUCTION.

On the strength of credits voted to him in the Chamber of Deputies, the Minister of Marine has, according to a Central News telegram, ordered the immediate construction of thirty first-class torpedo boats, of which ten are to be fit for ocean work.

WRECK OF A BRITISH STEAMER.

A Central News telegram from New York reports that the British steamer *Harold*, bound from Glasgow to Jamaica, has been hopelessly wrecked off Turk's Island. All the members of her crew were rescued.

THREATENING PRINCE BISMARCK.

A Berlin telegram to Dalziel says:—Judgment has been delivered in the trial of a clerk named Ferdinand Bunke, who was charged with attempting to extort money from Prince Bismarck. He wrote a letter to the Prince, in which he said "you must pay me the money I require or else I will make it hot for you." Two days afterwards he threw a brick at the door of the Royal castle just as it was being closed. He did not attempt to make his escape, and on being arrested he was found to have two more bricks in his pockets. The court sentenced him to three months' imprisonment, half of the term to be passed in the penitentiary in solitary confinement.

THE MEDICAL CONGRESS AT BERLIN.

Dalziel's agent at Berlin telegraphs:—At the coming Medical Congress here the English lecturers will be Drs. Pavy, Weber, Harvey, Ord, and Sir Andrew Clarke. The American will be Drs. Kidd, Andrew H. Smith, Abraham Jacoby, Loams, and aCtter, of New York, Drs. Ossler and Finlay, of Baltimore.

A FRENCH BLOCKADE AT DAHOMEY.

A Central News telegram from Paris says:—The Government are determined to assert their authority in Dahomey expeditionally and effectively. This they conceive cannot be better done than by blockading the coast of the country. To-morrow's *Officiel Gazette* will publish a circular note by which the Government have made known to the Great Maritime Powers the establishment of this blockade.

THE FINANCIAL CRISIS AT BUENOS AYRES,

Despatches received by a commercial house at Genoa state that the financial crisis at Buenos Ayres continues, despite the measures taken by the Argentine Government. One of the Ministers of State has himself failed for three million dollars, and a well known army general, through whose hands much money has passed, is also insolvent.—*Central News.*

DISTRESS AMONG THE DIAMOND CUTTERS.

The Antwerp Diamond Cutters Union, with the support of the Burgomaster, has made an appeal to the public for subcriptions to relieve the present distress. The diamond-cutting industry of that city has been on the decline ever since the formation of the diamond syndicate, which has succeeded in raising the price of rough diamonds very considerably. Two thousand diamond cutters have lost their situations on account of the action of the syndicate, and most of them are penniless.—*Dalziel.*

PROHIBITION IN THE UNITED STATES

The Iowa House of Representatives has rejected the proposal to sanction the establishment of a certain number of public-houses in the State with a very high licence duty, and has decided to retain prohibition of the sale of alcoholic liquors.—*Central News.*

EXTENSIVE FOREST FIRES IN GERMANY.

A Central News telegram from Berlin reports that various extensive fires occurred during last week in the Black Forest. At Neikargemund four hundred acres of oak and pine were destroyed, and at Namerersenbach one hundred and eighty acres.

A MILLIONAIRE ATTEMPTS SUICIDE.

Ex-mayor Harrison, a millionaire, and father-in-law of Marcus Stearn, has, a Chicago telegram to the Central News says, created an intense sensation here by attempting suicide. He has been ill for some time, and suffered from severe depression of spirits. No one imagined that he had suicidal tendencies; but last night he placed his revolver against his chest and fired. Very little hope is entertained of his recovery.

THE SEARCH FOR EYRAUD.

The police at El Paso have made a most exhaustive search for Eyraud, who is very much wanted, but without success. The information, however, which they obtained as to his being in the district was very definite in its character.—*Central News.*

A SCEPTICAL MORMON.

A Central News telegram from New York reports that at the annual conference of the Mormons, held in Salt Lake City, Mr. Woodruff, the leader of these latter day polygamists, deliberately declared that the days of divine revelations were over. Had the proverbial bombshell been thrown into their midst the faithful could not have felt much worse. They had hitherto believed that Mr. Woodruff was the happy recipient of revelations. It is expected that Mr. Woodruff, going from bad to worse in his career of heresy will shortly advocate the abandonment of polygamy.

THE PARRICIDE AT CREWE.
THE MOTHER OF THE CONVICTS APPEALS TO THE QUEEN.

Mr. Pedley, solicitor to the prisoners, yesterday morning received a letter from the Home Secretary refusing to grant a temporary respite to Richard Davies or to reconsider his decision. This was in reply to three appeals which Mr. Pedley had made to the Home Department since the receipt of the Home Secretary's decision on Friday.

The following telegram was sent to the Queen, at Aix-les-Bains, by Mrs. Davies, the mother, at a late hour last night:—

Queen of England,—My boy Richard Davies, whom the jury recommended to mercy, is to be executed on Tuesday. I beseech you to respite him for a week for further inquiry.—MARY DAVIES.

The agitation for the respite is widespread. Memorials are being extensively signed in London and different parts of the kingdom urging the Home Secretary to reconsider his decision. Mr. Matthews' action is regarded as a grave error or judgment, and the indignation to which it has given rise, not only locally, but throughout the country, is very strong.

At the Lewisham High-road Congregational church, last night, the pastor, the Rev. J. Morley Wright, proposed that the following telegram should be sent to the Queen and also to the Home Secretary:—"Crewe murderers, unnatural crime, but conscience of your people urges extenuating circumstances and pleads for mercy. Sent by Christian congregation, Lewisham High-road Church, Easter Day." The large congregation unanimously approved the suggestion, and the telegrams were forthwith despatched.

A telegram from Nottingham states that in some Nonconformist places of worship yesterday the matter was referred to from the pulpits, the congregations being invited to sign memorials to the Home Secretary. The petitions, extensively signed, were forwarded to Mr. Matthews late last night.

After service yesterday at all the places of worship in Southport petitions were signed by large numbers of persons in favour of commutation.

Mr. T. J. Hartshorn, of Highgate, the promoter of the London petition, which contained some 35,000 signatures, has received numerous letters and telegrams expressing surprise at the decision of the Home Secretary. Mr. Hartshorn has communicated with several members of Parliament with a view to obtaining at least a temporary respite for Richard Davies pending further consideration and an appeal to the Queen direct.

It is intended to hold a mass meeting on the subject at Crewe to-day.

When told that the Home Secretary had been unable to find sufficient grounds to grant a reprieve, Richard Davies simply replied that he was quite resigned to his fate. Berry will arrive at Knutsford Gaol, Cheshire, this evening, and the execution will take place at eight o'clock to-morrow morning, unless the extraordinary efforts which are being made should at the eleventh hour be crowned with success.

CANON WILBERFORCE HOME AGAIN.

Canon Wilberforce returned to the Deanery, Southampton, on Saturday, after a protracted tour in India for the purpose of recruiting his health and studying the various phases of the opium and temperance questions. There were crowded congregations at St. Mary's church yesterday, when special thank-offerings were taken for the Hospital Fund, towards which already over £300 has been paid into the banks of the town. The temperance party intend to give the Canon a welcome-home demonstration in a week's time, at which he will be presented with an album in recognition of his services to the cause.

Dr. Parry, the Bishop of Dover, still lies in a critical condition at St. Leonard's. In addition to extreme exhaustion and severe cardiac symptoms, he suffers from congestion of the lungs, and grave doubts are entertained of his recovery.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S LATEST.

AN ORDER AGAINST EXTRAVAGANCE IN THE ARMY.

A Cabinet Order which the Emperor William, speaking as King of Prussia, has issued in reference to the position of officers in the Prussian army, appears in the *Reichsanzeiger* of Saturday evening. In it the Emperor says :—

The gradual increase in the number of the *cadres* of the army has considerably raised that of the military officers counted in the Budget. It is urgently necessary, in view of the economies which war makes on the army, to create a supply, not only suitable in character but as numerous as possible, to fill these positions. At present almost all the Infantry and Field Artillery Regiments show considerable gaps. This circumstance makes the provision of a sufficient and suitable supply a duty which is becoming daily more important and onerous to commanders. The increased education of our people renders it possible to enlarge the circles from which the supply of officers may be drawn. Nobility by birth cannot now, as formerly, claim for itself alone the privilege of giving the army its officers ; but that nobility of sentiment, which has at all times animated our officers, shall and must be preserved unaltered. This is possible only if the candidates for commissions are taken from circles in which this nobility of sentiment is at home. Along with the scions of the noble families of the country, along with the sons of my good officers and officials, who, according to old tradition, form the foundation pillars of the officers' corps, I recognise the leaders of the future of my army likewise, in the sons of those honourable untitled families in which the love of King and Fatherland, a warm heart for the profession of arms, and Christian culture are fostered and inculcated.

The Emperor proceeds next to express disapproval of the practice of certain commanders who lay down one-sided principles of their own with regard to the young men they admit as officers, and which, for instance, require candidates to have passed the "leaving examination" in classical high schools, or to show that they will receive a very large addition to their pay from private sources, whereby they exclude the sons of families of small means, though otherwise eligible, as sharing the sentiments and views of life prevailing among the general body of Prussian officers. The Emperor now, accordingly, orders that commanders shall no longer require more than a reduced addition to the pay of officers, and concludes as follows :—

The quantity and quality of the supply of officers are impaired by such exaggerated demands. I do not wish that in my army the prestige of the officers' corps shall be measured according to the amount of the addition to their pay, and I especially esteem those regiments whose officers manage to make small means suffice, and yet continue to do their duty with that satisfaction and cheerfulness which have from of old distinguished Prussian officers. The commanders have constantly to keep it clearly in mind that the main question is now more than ever to awaken and develop the character, and to increase the self-denial of their officers, in which endeavour they must act first and foremost by their own example. At once more make it the duty of commanders to oppose the manifold excrescences of luxury which come to light in the shape of costly presents, frequent banquets, and extravagant expenditure on social gatherings and dissipations, and I deem it my duty emphatically to combat the opinion that the commander himself is bound, in virtue of his position, to incur a large expenditure for purposes of official display. It is my will that only commanding generals shall be bound to make such display, and it must depend upon their own conscientious discretion how far they should look forward with anxiety to the pecuniary sacrifices which they suppose to be necessary if they attain the post of commanders of regiments. I hereby determine that officers who do not comply with the advice of their superiors to simplify their way of living shall be named to me. I shall make it an essential question in the filling of the commanders of regiments whether they succeed in procuring a suitable and sufficient supply of officers and in making the lives of their officers simple and inexpensive. I heartily desire that every one of my officers, after fulfilling his duty, shall enjoy life ; but the alarming increase of luxury in the army must be resisted with all seriousness and energy.

EMIN PASHA STILL UNDECIDED.

ANXIOUS TO CANCEL HIS GERMAN APPOINTMENT.

Emin Pasha arrived at Zanzibar on Friday. It is reported that his eagerness to proceed on his new mission is not proportionate to the impatience of his new employers. He is believed (according to the *Times* correspondent at Zanzibar) to be now anxious to cancel his recent engagement with Major Wissmann, and to return to Europe before definitely deciding on his future plans.

The Berlin correspondent of the *Standard* telegraphs :—It is stated that the main task of Emin Pasha on the expedition on which it is proposed to send him into Central Africa will be to form peaceful agreements with the natives, with a view to paving the way for German trade and commerce between the coast and the interior, and to establish stations at the main points for the maintenance of order. He is to abstain, if possible, from armed interference, and is not to go beyond "the sphere of German interests." In this connection it is contended here that the countries to the west of the northern half of the Victoria Nyanza, including Koki Unioro and Western Uganda, have hitherto been regarded as no-man's-land.

Father Schynse, who returned to the coast with Stanley and Emin, has just published the diary he kept on the way. He states therein, on Emin's own authority, that the latter, after his first conversation with Stanley, felt that the Stanley Expedition "aimed less at rescuing him than at taking possession of his province and his ivory."

The *Kölnische Zeitung* hears from Cairo that Emin asked the Khedive for £2500 to buy himself a comfortable house at Bagamoyo, and that he believed himself forsaken because he got no answer, whereas it is maintained in Cairo that the English Consul-General in Zanzibar was asked, through Sir Evelyn Baring, to pay the sum to Emin, but did not do so. Emin's telegram announcing his retirement from the Egyptian service made a great sensation in Cairo.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES INDISPOSED.

The Princess of Wales has been suffering from a cold, attended with slightly feverish symptoms, which prevented her leaving Marlborough House, as was intended, for Sandringham. The Princess was not confined to her room, and yesterday Dr. Laking was able to report that the feverishness had subsided, and that possibly she might be able to travel to-morrow.

MAJOR SERPA PINTO ON HIS WAY TO LISBON.

Major Serpa Pinto is now on his way from St. Paul de Loanda to Lisbon. The anti-English feeling to which our protest against his doings gave rise in Portugal has not died out, for we learn from Lisbon that British shipbuilders will not be allowed to tender for the new ships of war which Portugal is desirous of having built for her.

THE STRIKE IN THE BOOT TRADE.

The bootmakers on strike assembled yesterday afternoon in Victoria Park, and were addressed by Mr. Cremer, M.P., and others. It was stated that out of four hundred firms in the trade only one number had acceded to the demands of the men, and it was believed that in a few days the strike would be brought to an end. Other societies also demonstrated and aired their grievances in the Park.

IRISH LANDLORDS AND THE LAND PURCHASE BILL.

A number of landowners of County Fermanagh met on Saturday under the presidency of Lord Belmore to discuss the Irish Land Purchase Bill. Mr. H. de F. Montgomery vigorously criticised the bill, and Mr. J. G. S. Porter sent a written protest against the sudden introduction "for party political reasons of this very violent, very complicated, and immense measure in Ireland." Ultimately resolutions were passed emphatically protesting against limiting the advance to twenty years' purchase.

THE STATUE OF THE LATE MR. FORSTER.

The Marquis of Ripon will unveil the statue of the late Right Hon. W. E. Forster, on the 30th inst., at Bradford. The effigy, which is now on view at Messrs. Young's Ecclesiastical Iron Works, Pimlico, is said to be a striking likeness and worthy memorial of the deceased statesman. It will occupy a prominent position in Bradford.

INTERESTING DISCOVERY AT GRANTHAM.

While making alterations underneath a shop for many years used as a fishmonger's, in Grantham market-place, a fine example of the early English style of architecture has just been discovered by the workmen. It is an apartment 15 ft. by 12 ft., apparently erected in the thirteenth century, and intended for an oratory or chapel. There is a slab of stone for the altar, 24 in. by 18 in., with a recess for the relics. The door is approached by steps, which are much worn. The column and arches are of native stone, from Great Pontoa quarries, a mile or two from the town, and appear quite fresh.

THE OLD ORDER CHANGING IN SIAM.

In Siam a complete change appears to have occurred in the policy of the Government as to public works and railways. The project of granting a concession to a syndicate to construct 500 miles of railway is reported to have been abandoned. The reason of this change of policy is not known. Numerous mining concessions are, however, being granted to Europeans of various nationalities. The value of some of these concessions is, according to the *Times* correspondent, very problematical.

DESPERATE MUTINY OF COOLIES.

Advices received at Queenstown yesterday from China contain intelligence of a desperate mutiny which occurred on board the German steamer *Chow Foo* on January 23, while on a voyage from Amoy to Delli, Sumatra, resulting in the death of thirteen coolies, who were shot in attempting to kill the officers and crew and burn the steamer. There were 250 coolies on board, and they mutinied because the captain refused to land them at Singapore.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT CANNES.

UNVEILING OF A STATUE OF PRINCE LEOPOLD.

The Prince of Wales took advantage of the Easter Sunday service at St. George's Memorial Chapel, Cannes, yesterday to unveil the statue of his brother, the late Prince Leopold, erected there in his memory by the Queen. The figure is a reproduction of that by Sir E. Boehm in Windsor Chapel. It stands in a small chapel to the right of the chancel, on a slab of white stone with marble columns.

The Prince of Wales, accompanied by the trustees of the chapel, entered the chapel at the close of the ordinary service. The chaplain of St. George's conducted the special ceremony which had been arranged for the unveiling. At the end of the lesson, the Prince removed the covering, and uttered, in a clear voice, the sentence dedicating the replica to the honour and glory of God. The Prince left the church immediately the service was over, in company with the Prince of Nassau and General Ellis, who is in attendance during the visit to Cannes. The British Consul at Nice (Mr. Harrisi), the Vice-Consul at Cannes (Mr. Taylor), together with Colonel Paget, Sir Montagu Smith, Mr. Henniker-Heaton, M.P., Mr. Philip Muntz, General Gordon, the Chevalier Colquhoun, and Sir Thomas Lucas were present at the ceremony.

OUR CITIZEN ARMY IN THE FIELD.

WHAT THE VOLUNTEERS DID ON SATURDAY.

The volunteers who are billeted at Folkestone and in the neighbouring towns on Saturday engaged in some operations which form part of the assumed plan of resisting an attack on Dover. They were divided into two columns—an attacking and defending force, one under Colonel Stracey's personal command, and the other under the command of Colonel Fraser, the principal object being to fight for the possession of Tolsford Hill, a ridge about a mile and a half in length. The volunteers marched out of Folkestone by nine o'clock, and the sham fight was suspended at half-past one, when the troops were inspected by General Montgomery Moore, previous to their return to Folkestone, Sandgate, and Hythe. None of the regular troops at Shorncliffe took part in the manœuvres.

The Colonel-in-Chief's review made a very muster on Saturday, no fewer than a hundred and twenty machinists putting in an appearance at the inspection at Folkestone before proceeding to take part in the manœuvres at Tolsford Hill. The Cyclists had just succeeded in outflanking the enemy when the hostilities ceased. Then they rode on to Dover, exhibiting no sign of fatigue, although they had covered forty miles, some part of which was very difficult ground for cyclists to traverse. The London Scottish on Saturday engaged in independent operations on their march from Folkestone to Dover, and they will, with the Woolwich Arsenal Artillery Corps, now in garrison at Dover, take part in the sham fight at Ferlingham to-day.

The Volunteer column marching on Brighton reached its destination on Saturday. Just before entering the town it encountered a force composed of Naval Volunteers, Hussars, a battery of Sussex Artillery, and several Rifle Corps, and a smart engagement took place on Clayton Hills, in which the defenders were supposed to be obliged to retreat. After the "Cease fire," the Engineer Brigade and Honourable Artillery Company joined their comrades of the defending force, and together they marched into Brighton.

But little unfavourable change in the weather, the operations near Portsmouth to-day, in the presence of the Duke of Cambridge and Lord Wolseley, promise to be very interesting. The preliminary operations which began on Good Friday between two opposing forces were continued on Saturday. To-day the Volunteers now in garrison at the various forts and barracks will be reinforced by Hussars, Royal Artillery, and Marines from the gunboats acting on mission with the contending forces. The fighting will begin early, and will finish by about one o'clock, after which the Volunteers will at once commence their journey homeward.

CANON LIDDON AT ST. PAUL'S.

The Easter afternoon service at St. Paul's Cathedral is always one of the most noteworthy functions of the year, and the service yesterday was exquisitely rendered. There was an immense congregation. Canon Liddon is in residence. He preached yesterday from Romans i. 3, 4, and in the course of his remarks said :—Events for God are what language is for man. In them God reveals His mind and will, writing them in the book of human history. St. Paul tells us that we can understand divine things through studying the book of nature ; so the judgments of God can be read in the language of events. This view might seem unreasonable to those who imagine that everything that happens is the result of blind forces, which somehow, we know not how, have given us existence, during which we, like the seaweed, are tossed about by the waves and storms, and finally sink into the sea and lose our own utter helplessness. To the sincere believer in a living God, everywhere present and observant of individual life in the lowest forms of creation, it will not seem unreasonable to believe that events are the declaration of God's mind. The characters may not be legible to man, or to all men. Some were easy to read ; others, like the writing on the wall, require a key supplied by a competent instructor. The history was full of the language of events. The Resurrection, being a supernatural event, may pre-eminently be expected to have for mankind a meaning and purpose. St. Paul in the text suggests one. Canon Liddon then went on to say that our Lord had predicted His resurrection, which He accomplished of His own power, there being no mighty voice to call Him forth from the tomb, as He Himself had brought back Lazarus from the grave. The Resurrection was the complement to His life and teaching, which without it might have passed away from men's minds. The Resurrection, without the previous life, would have been a blank wonder. In this age uninterrupted regularity in the order of nature is more respected than a power which some have said surely this is contrary to human nature. We think more of our fellow-creatures when they "excel themselves," as we say, whether in falling below or rising above what is naturally expected of them ; but when the Ruler of the Universe suspends His own laws, then scientists in their laboratories refuse to recognise that suspension which does not fall in with their own regulations. The peaceful cessation of history may change, and of this we, in the light of the stern presence of death, may, with our ancestors, confess the Majesty of Him Who holds "the keys of hell and of death." The sermon concluded by a practical appeal to individual Christians.

ENGLAND'S NEGOTIATIONS WITH THE VATICAN.

The Rome correspondent of the *Standard* writes :—The negotiations between England and the Vatican embraced a scheme for the creation at Malta of a great missionary college. The details of this project are well advanced, as are also the conditions of the jurisdiction which England shall have over the Eastern and Interior Missions in Africa. The revival of the Latin Patriarchate at Alexandria, with jurisdiction on the entire Red Sea coast, the Upper Soudan, and Abyssinia, encountered more difficulties ; but they are chiefly of form. I may mention that the question of holding the next Conclave at Malta, in the event of Italy being at that time at war with any other Power, formed no part of Sir D. Linton Simmons' negotiations ; but it was desired in the Vatican to arrive at some sort of intelligence on the matter. A Bull of the most secret character is being communicated to the Cardinals, which is said by those who have good means of judging to refer to the mode of holding the next Conclave.

DR. PETERS "LIVING BY PLUNDER."

Dr. Peters and Lieutenant Tiedemann are (according to the Zanzibar correspondent of the *Times*) reported to be near Kavirondo, living chiefly by plunder. They have four loads of goods only with them, and fifty Somalis. They entered Masailand with 7,000 goats. The Masai took all save a few hundred. Lieutenant Tiedemann is wounded.

WORKMEN'S EXHIBITION IN HOLBORN CENTRAL HALL.

The Workmen's Exhibition, which was opened on Saturday in the Central Hall, Holborn, is another of the various efforts made by the Club and Institute Union to lighten the leisure hours of working men and their wives. It is not as yet in a complete state, but the exhibits which were in their place showed clearly what may be done by club members in the little time they can spare from their ordinary work. A carriage builder named Mr. Clyner sent three walking-sticks composed of variously differently coloured round slips of paper on an iron screw. They had been subjected to such great pressure and were so highly polished that they could scarcely be told from an ordinary stick. The women were not behind their brothers and husbands in the work they showed, and quilts, one with 2,550 pieces, leaves, shirts which had been washed for nine months, and dressed dolls attested to their industry. Mr. Hodgson Pratt, who presided at the opening ceremonies, considered one moral of the exhibition to be that every man should come into the place for which he is best fitted. He discoursed upon the great advantage which labourers had where profit-sharing establishments were plentiful, and regretted that England was so badly off in this respect. This country, he regretted to say, laboured under the difficulty of having few secondary and technical schools. He disagreed with the scheme proposed by the Charity Commissioners which would have the effect of increasing their number, and he thought that were large grants of money to be made to polytechnics the people themselves should control expenditure.

An extraordinary case of fasting is reported from Maestey, Glamorganshire. Ruth Norris, twenty-three years of age, who has suffered from fits during the last ten years, has existed eight weeks without food, decoctions of brandy, milk, and water only having been partaken twice during that period. She lies in a kind of trance, and has only been momentarily conscious on three occasions.

"DICK VENABLES."

THE NEW PLAY AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

Mr. Arthur Law's new drama, with which Mr. Willard replaced "The Middleman" on Saturday evening, is neither a very good nor a very bad specimen of the playwright's art. In its favour one may urge the important fact that it sets out a plain and straightforward story—one which the most juvenile theatre-goer could hardly fail to understand. On the other hand, no one can fail to perceive in "Dick Venables" a want of originality, a lack of grip and real strength which mar it in every way. The general tendency to fritter away the full force of the main situations by various little touches which are superficially effective enough in themselves, but which undoubtedly lessen the significance of many incidents which should be among the most stirring in the play. One must, however, give Mr. Law credit for no small amount of ingenuity in the development of his plot. The actor-manager of the Shaftesbury first wrote to us and made his mark as a delineator of the brutal and the vicious. As a "villain" of the playgoing public is devoted to him, and it is more than possible that his admirers will accept a frame which—candidly speaking—cannot be termed altogether satisfactory, for the sake of the clearly-drawn vivid portrait which it contains.

It is hardly necessary to give any lengthy details of Mr. Law's story, for the entire drama turns upon one single position. Dick Venables, a convicted felon, escapes from durance vile, finds his way to the abode of his wife, and, after the fashion of such scoundrels, both in real life and on the stage, proceeds to make her life a burden to her. She is compelled to become his accomplice, and assist him in passing himself off as her brother. One circumstance after another, however, stands in the way of the convict's final flight, and he is at length killed, appropriately enough, by the hand of one of his companions in crime.

As one would expect, Mr. Willard does not let a single chance slip in his rendering of this highly-coloured rôle. The ferocious determination and innate brutality of the man are depicted with all the force and vigour which has characterized the actor's former work in this direction. Whether as the hunted convict, creeping stealthily along the ground while the shouts of his pursuers are ringing in his ears, or as the pretended naval captain who, with impudent daring, stares boldly in the faces of his former custodians, or as the wretched felon run to earth at last, and boasting with his dying breath that he has "given them the slip," Mr. Willard is equally excellent. That a scoundrel of this kind should be sympathetic is hardly conceivable ; and yet his wicked smile, his light-comedy air of bravado, and, above all, the actor's peculiar personality, may almost be said to make him so. Mr. Alfred Bishop plays the pilfering archdeacon, already referred to, as well as possible ; but the other character sketch of the piece—that of an old German doctor with a strong belief in phrenology—is attacked by Mr. E. W. Garden from a somewhat too commonplace point of view, and the impersonation consequently lacks colour and distinction. Miss Olga Brandon as the convict's wife shows much quiet force and earnest pathos. The part, however, is not a particularly strong one, for, strangely enough, the unhappy woman's woes are almost entirely overshadowed by the interest attaching to her husband's misdeeds. Mr. Arthur Elwood plays the governor of the prison with ease and discretion ; he must be careful, though, not to relapse into certain mannerisms which formerly disfigured his acting, but which he appeared to have conquered in "Caste" and "Cyril's Success." Mrs. Canninge does useful work in a minor rôle, and Miss Annie Rose's pretty face and pleasant acting form a particularly bright spot on the sombre surface of the drama.

THE INFLUENZA SPREADING IN INDIA.

The influenza epidemic continues to spread through India. Hitherto in Calcutta it has been almost entirely confined to the native quarter, but it is now raging there to such an extent that most offices are short-handed. The Seebpore Engineering College, on the opposite side of the river, has been closed for three weeks, as seventy of the students were attacked. The disease seems to be of a mild type, rarely lasting longer than three days.

GIFT OF ANOTHER PARK TO READING.

Mr. George Palmer, head of the Reading biscuit firm, and formerly M.P. for the borough, has just announced to the town council that he will give a park of forty-nine acres on the east end of the town for the public benefit of the inhabitants. He has promised to fence in the land, plant trees, and lay it out for cricket, tennis, football, and other games, and for public gardens. He asks that no intoxicating liquors should be sold upon the ground. Mr. Palmer has already given over twenty acres in another part of the town for a public recreation ground.

LIVERPOOL RAILWAY MEN AND THEIR HOURS.

A largely-attended meeting of railway workers of all grades in Liverpool and district was held last night. Several ministers of religion were present. After an address condemning the hours worked by the men had been given by Mr. F. W. Evans, of Cardiff, representative of the National Society of Railway Workers, a resolution was passed in favour of the maximum day of ten hours, six days to constitute a week, and overtime to be paid at the rate of time and a quarter, and between Saturday midnight and Sunday midnight time and a half ; also that the maximum day for signalmen at important boxes and shunters in busy yards be eight hours.

Mr. Irving will next autumn open the private theatre which Mdme. Patti has built at her Welsh home, Craig-y-nos, at a cost of £12,000.

The Rev. J. Page Hopps is lying seriously ill at Leicester. He has burst a blood vessel, and his condition causes great anxiety to his friends.

The Crown Prince of Denmark, who is an honorary D.C.L. of the University of Oxford, has forwarded a donation of £15 to the fund now being raised for the renovation of the premises of the Oxford Union Society.

The late Duke of Manchester's funeral has been fixed to take place at Kimbolton on Wednesday. The remains will be placed in the family vault at the parish church.

The Jubilee of Westminster on Saturday unveiled, and Dr. Jayne, the Bishop of Chester, dedicated a magnificent window, which the Duke has presented to the ancient church of St. John the Baptist, Chester.

It is reported from St. Petersburg that the University disturbances are now practically over, the Easter vacations having begun. The authorities have decided on expelling only those who were implicated in previous disturbances.

Mr. E. Palmer, Financial Adviser to the Khedive, proceeds to Paris to-day in connection with the conversion of the Egyptian Debt. He believes that the conversion scheme has been settled.

A demonstration of working men took place in the Victoria Park, Hackney, yesterday afternoon in support of the movement to secure fair rent and healthy homes for the people.

Mrs. Margaret Rea, of Lylehill, county Down, died on Saturday from an attack of influenza. She was a hundred years old, and had been a widow over fifty years.

Mr. A. W. Simpson, the Recorder of Scarborough, died on Saturday morning from an attack of paralysis. The deceased had been Recorder of Scarborough for twenty years, and was seventy years of age.

General Goodlake, Coldstream Guards, who obtained the Victoria Cross in the Crimea, died at his residence, Denham Fisheries, Uxbridge, on Saturday. He was fifty-seven years of age.

The will of Mr. Charles Brown, of Rothwell, Northamptonshire, farmer and grazier, has been proved at the Peterborough Registry. He bequeaths £500 to the churchwardens and overseers of Rothwell, the interest to be distributed yearly in coals and flannels to the poor.

The Indian Viceregal Staff is about to lose one of its best known and most popular members—Lord William Beresford—who leaves India in a few days, after having served under successive Viceroys, first as aide-de-camp and afterwards as military secretary.

There is an extraordinary glut of potatoes in the Peterborough district, where the farmers have vast quantities on hand. The quotation they receive from the London markets is only 20s. a ton, and local prices, as a rule, range from 1½*d.* to 2½*d.* a stone.

The annual football match between England and Scotland was played at Glasgow on Saturday amidst great enthusiasm, and was witnessed by about thirty thousand persons. The result was a draw, each side having scored a goal.

TRADE TOKENS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

A Chat with Mr. George C. Williamson.

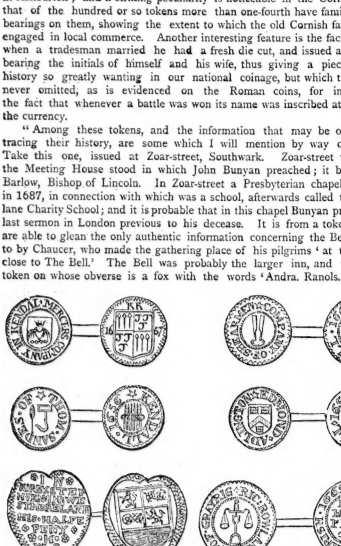
Most people have at odd times come across specimens of those curious coins at one time issued by tradesmen and companies and corporations called "tokens," which were equivalents of money, and were negotiable currency; but not many people know much about them. The only book which was devoted to the history of these quaint numismatic curiosities was "Boyne's Seventeenth Century Tokens," and this was only a mere list. Feeling the bareness of the work, and at the same time the intensely interesting nature of the coins, Mr. George C. Williamson, F.R.S.L., &c., undertook, some time ago, to completely revise and re-edit this book, with the result of making not only an entirely new work, but one of great interest in consequence of the immense amount of historical evidence and information he has gathered from these traders' tokens. To a representative of the *Pall Mall Gazette* a few days since Mr. Williamson very kindly gave some interesting matter concerning his pet study, together with a foreshadowing of the results of his labour, which will be shown in a short while by the publication of the second volume of his new edition of "Boyne's Seventeenth Century Tokens."

A BOTTLE MADE FOR A NORWICH TOKENER.

"Tokens," said Mr. Williamson, "are essentially democratic. They were issued by the people, and it is of the people they speak. They were issued by unknown and small traders in nearly every village and town in the country, and by the various officials in the same. The reason of their issue was to supply a public need—that of a fractional coinage, small change in fact—for it was considered beneath the dignity of sovereigns to issue coins of any metal baser than silver. The entire series of seventeenth century tokens forms one very short chapter of thirty years in the history of the troublous times immediately following the death of King Charles I. The issue commenced in 1648 and ended in 1679. A vast number were struck in England, Wales, and Ireland, but I believe only one in Scotland. They were made of copper, brass, bronze, and occasionally of lead, and were of three denominations, penny, halfpenny, and farthing—but these were not the mean coins they are now in those days, when a whole sheep could be bought for threepence. Their execution is frequently pleasing, but never of any exceptional artistic merit. The engravers for the Mints, who under the Commonwealth fell into great poverty, designed some of them, and these are distinguished by the author's name, but local artists were mainly employed, and these seem to have travelled from town to town designing tokens for the various villages through which they passed.

"You will understand that while no direct light of any startling character is afforded by them, yet, as the history of a nation is greatly made up of the domestic life of the people, these tokens seem deserving of much more attention than they have hitherto received. For instance, the travelling propensities of the people. While the tokens of the northern counties are but seldom found in the south, those of the southern counties, and especially of Surrey, are found in almost every county of the kingdom. An interesting matter in connection with them is the evidence they give concerning the trades which were carried on in various localities, as, for instance, lace in Buckinghamshire, wool in Surrey, gloves in Leicester, needles in Chichester, serge in Colchester, cloth at Ashburton; and a striking peculiarity is noticeable in the Cornish tokens, that of the hundred or so tokens more than one-fourth have family armorial bearings on them, showing the extent to which the old Cornish families were engaged in local commerce. Another interesting feature is the fact that often when a tradesman married he had a fresh die cut, and issued a new token bearing the initials of himself and his wife, thus giving a piece of family history so greatly wanting in our national coinage, but which the ancients never omitted, as is evidenced on the Roman coins, for instance, in the fact that whenever a battle was won its name was inscribed at once upon the currency.

"Among these tokens, and the information that may be obtained by tracing their history, are some which I will mention by way of example. Take this one, issued at Zoar-street, Southwark. Zoar-street was where the Meeting House stood in which John Bunyan preached; it belonged to Barlow, Bishop of Lincoln. In Zoar-street a Presbyterian chapel was built in 1687, in connection with which was a school, afterwards called the Gravel-lane Charity School; and it is probable that in this chapel Bunyan preached his last sermon in London previous to his decease. It is from a token that we are able to glean the only authentic information concerning the Bell, referred to by Chaucer, who made the gathering place of his pilgrims 'at the Tabard close to The Bell.' The Bell was probably the larger inn, and we have a token on whose obverse is a fox with the words 'Andra. Ranols. In. Bell;'



WESTMORELAND TOKENS.

on the reverse, 'Yard. In. Southwarke.' The Bell has long since disappeared. In 1577 mention is made of it in the deposition of a man who brings an action for the loss of a money-bag, and states 'that he was in the house of one, John Woodward, called The Bell.' The token is the only pictorial record we have of the inn mentioned by Chaucer; the fox on it is apparently a rebus—Ranol's *quasi* Reynard. We have several inn tokens from Deadman's-place, leading from which was Globe-alley, which led to the renowned Globe Playhouse, where Shakspeare played. In Deadman's-place was the Red Hart brewhouse, of which we have a token. This brewery belonged to Mr. Thrale, and was sold at his death by Dr. Johnson for £135,000, and the whole of the land is now included in the great Anchor Brewery of Messrs. Barclay and Perkins. These few examples will suffice to show how much light has been thrown on the history of the inns of old Southwark by the study of their tokens. But I want to exemplify also some of the provincial cases.

"The name of Hovell appears on a Lynn token, and researches give the same name to the then member, Sir William Hovell, and to the mayor, giving us the note that this important family carried on trade in the town, while one of its members sat in the House of Commons and another was its chief magistrate. A Plymouth draper, having a rather unusual device, is found to be one mentioned in the account of the siege as 'tarring capes for the centinels,' and was evidently, therefore, the progenitor in that part of the country of a species of waterproofing. One man in Stowe-quarters the implements of his trade as a brushmaker: the boring instrument, the pigs for the bristles, and the bristles themselves together with his own hand, form quite a respectable coat of arms, besides informing us that in such a small village as South Petherton the industry of brushmaking was carried on. In this regard it is somewhat amusing to note that the descendants of this man now reside in Essex, and have adopted his coat of arms, with a difference, as their own. The pigs have become lions and the bristles a fasces. I am tempted to wonder whether they know the origin of their armorial bearings. Well, these are only a few examples of the thirty thousand tokens which were issued during that short period; and I have endeavoured to give an interest to each in my forthcoming book, by giving a brief history, together with some of the facts I have been able to gather through their instrumentality."

SERPA PINTO AT WORK.

Another Letter from an Englishman at Quillimane.

The recent publication of the letter from a young Englishman on the Shiré River in these columns has induced the father of one of the persons referred to in that letter to send us a communication from his son, dated "Quillimane, November, 1889." The letter says:—

In my last letter, in July, I told you of my intention to go down river. We went down with a large party of hunters and began operations on the Ruo, hunting, and trading in oil seeds. Our headquarters were at Clulomo, a town at the mouth of the Ruo (flowing into the Shiré river). We were getting on capitally in both departments, when the Portuguese came to a village about twenty miles down stream, and encamped with a large force. I should rather say they were reinforced, for they had been there perhaps two months before. There was great excitement, the Makalolo expecting to be attacked. Our boys not fancying fighting so far from Blantyre and their homes, most of them returned, although they were doing excellently in hunting and trading. Elephants were rather plentiful, and oil-seeds more so than in any previous year. Just then, fortunately, Consul H. H. Johnston came up the river from Zanzibar. He saw Major Serpa Pinto, and told him he could not possibly be allowed to come further up the river. Serpa Pinto gave his word that he would not, but Consul Johnston, seeing the large force so near the borders of the Makalolo country, supposed it was more than "a peaceful and scientific expedition," as the Portuguese said, and so, in conjunction with Acting-Consul Buchanan, hastened to proclaim the whole of the Makalolo and Hau countries round Blantyre to be under British protection, and gave the British flag to every chief. This we thought all that was required to make such a country as Portugal abandon any idea they might have had of collaring a country where you might say no Portuguese have ever set their feet save for slave-trading and the like, where so many Englishmen have laid down their lives, where so much English money has been spent, and which has virtually been English since the days of Livingstone. More reinforcements, however, came to join the advance guard of this "exploring expedition." By this time they had their camp entrenched and cannon mounted. Then they crossed the river to a Makalolo village, drove the people out, and burnt the village, also another Makalolo village on the east bank of the Shiré. We had no communication with them, they sallied out, and word came by the natives that 500 native soldiers and two white men were advanced as near as twelve miles to the Ruo, and wished to communicate with us and with the British Consul. Two days afterwards I left to help them to communicate with our Consul. On arriving at the village I found that the force had been there, but had returned to the camp the same day without doing any damage or native life or property. I left the village to go back to Clulomo, and was not clear of the gardens when the Portuguese, entering from the other side, began a sharp fire. The bullets whistled overhead, and looking back I saw the whole village in flames. We waited half an hour for news of the villagers, but none came, nor did the attacking force come further. I left a few boys in ambush to watch, ordering them to run in with any news and return to camp. How many were killed I do not know, as I left for Blantyre to report to the Consul.

Such warfare as this is simply outrageous, as the headman of the village had told me he had in no way given offence to the Portuguese. Why they should thus attack two dozen harmless natives is more, I hope, than an English officer would do. One of the flags given to the Makalolo was placed, perhaps foolishly, opposite the Portuguese camp on the Shiré. This was torn down by the Portuguese and thrown into the river.

The long and the short of it all is that they have declared war against the Makalolo, and offer protection to any Englishman who asks for it. This I presume to be a trap—so that an armed party may force themselves into the country. The river is completely closed to traffic, because the Portuguese make it so hot for the natives that none will work the boats or steamers. Unless a sharp word soon comes from our Government to call them back or a force to drive them back, I see nothing but a stoppage of all work and starvation here very soon. They have been hanging about for six months, but now that they say their steamers are ready they are about to advance and occupy all before them from the Makalolo country to the Lake through Blantyre; but my impression is that they will have to fight. Goods of all kinds at Blantyre are very scarce, and will be finished in a week or two, and this at a time when the plantations need much looking after; and now also is the planting season. The natives, like Europeans, will not work without wages, nor will they sell their produce on a promise of payment. Consequently it was resolved that for the benefit of the community at large and ourselves personally that I make an overland caravan to Quillimane for goods, taking with me the mail of last month, which was turned back on the road. Bishop Smythies will accompany me. He has as much bother in getting out of the country as he had to get in. Our Government seems to take a long time for thought before acting. The Makalolo believe that if they signed the treaty and hoisted the British flag the Portuguese would not dare to enter the country. They have not actually entered the country, but are on the borders with 3,000 or 4,000 men under about twenty Europeans; and they say they intend to pass through. We are in a fine fix. If we join the Makalolo and fight the Portuguese, perhaps we shall be treated as "rebels." If we stand still and do nothing, the Makalolo will "take us down" for false promises. If the Portuguese advance, I fully expect some Englishman will suffer. The Consul's proclamation of a protectorate was perhaps premature; but with such a Portuguese force near at hand to grab the lot, everybody thinks he acted rightly, and that the Government should have backed him up well and promptly. If our telegrams home were delivered, and if this country becomes Portugal's, some of our lives being lost by the way, the British will have no one but the Government to thank. Surely a word from England to Portugal would be enough? Everything looks very dark at present, and I am afraid things will be worse before they are better. Goodness knows what we have lost by this Portuguese invasion; if it hadn't taken place we should have cleared hundreds of pounds out of oil-seeds alone. The loss still continues. The Portuguese are within four days' march of Blantyre.

SYNONYMS FOR "MONEY."

The huge number of synonyms for money illustrates remarkably well the variety of sources from which our slang words are recruited, and the remarkable appositeness of some of them. We may talk of our money in scores of ways, among which are, for instance, "the actual," "the needful," "the wherewithal," "beans," "blunt," "tin," or "brass;" "chips," "dibs," or "pieces;" "dust," "chink," or "shot;" "shekels," "spondulics," or "dollars;" "stamps," "feathers," or "palm oil," which last is such an obviously appropriate name for it that "shin-plaster" seems feeble by comparison; and the young but widely-popular "oof," "oof-bird," and "oof-tish," imbecile and inane.

A SCOTCHMAN ON "THE RUSSELL RELIEF BILL."

The Rev. Jacob Primmer, Dunfermline, on Sabbath forenoon said that Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, having failed to rush through Parliament his bill to open the offices of Lord Chancellor and Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland to Papists, but what was simply a Sir Charles Russell relief bill, who was a bigoted Papist, and the defender of the Irish Popish rebels, it was given out by the promoters of the bill or their Popish allies that the bill was to be withdrawn; but this was done with the evident design of deceiving the public and allaying the excitement caused by the bill. As he warned them, so it turned out to be, a lying Jesuitical trick. The result of such discreditable tactics would be to rouse the nation against this infamous and revolutionary bill. Within a few days they had got up petitions in Dunfermline and neighbourhood, with nearly 1,000 signatures, and had arranged for a number of public meetings in the neighbouring towns against the bill.

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MORE OF THE APRIL MAGAZINES.—III.

"The United Service Magazine."

Exit *Colburn's United Service Magazine*—enter the *United Service Magazine*, under new proprietorship and new editorship, and published by Messrs. W. H. Allen and Co. The magazine in its revised form is a practical answer to the "practical proposal," made by a writer in this month's *Fortnightly*, for the establishment of an organ dealing authoritatively with Imperial questions. Sir Charles Dilke leads off with some remarks on "Our War Organization of the Future," which may be taken as a postscript to the Imperial Defence chapter in "Problems of Greater Britain." It is a powerful plea for "a properly organized General Staff." Major-General Chapman relates the history of the pacification of Upper Burmah (with map); and Sir George Baden-Powell writes of what Imperial Federation is really doing, in preference to indulging in the flow of words that is too commonly associated with the term—so his sub-title implies. The growth of our empire oversea is plainly shown in the following table:—

	1840.			1890.
Area governed ..... square miles	2	millions	.....	9 millions
Population of coloured stock..... in numbers	2	,,	.....	11 ,,
Population of coloured stock..... ,,	100	,,	.....	283 ,,
State revenues ..... in £	24	,,	.....	124 ,,
External trade ..... ,,	52	,,	.....	440 ,,
Shipping ..... in tons	9	,,	.....	102 ,,
Index number.....	189	,,	.....	969 ,,

The great "work" in the cause of the unity of the Empire is that of common defence; another, scarcely less great, is the Empire Penny Post. This, as Sir George puts it—

Is certainly an enticing suggestion, and there are few who will be found to oppose the idea. But when we face its realization we find many difficulties. First and foremost are the Treasuries of the Colonies, which keep hold of the Post Office revenues with all the tenacity of an Imperial Treasury. It is also to be noted that a lowering of price does not attract or develop a correspondence if for a higher rate the all-valuable saving of time is to be secured. However, most of us hope that some solution may be found which will enable correspondence, within the limits of the British Empire, to be posted at some far lower and uniform rate.

"Has the Naval Defence Act made England safe?" is a translation from the *Deutsche Heeres-Zeitung*. Lord Wantage discusses the Bisley Common question, Admiral Hornby "Our Next Naval Need," the Report of Lord Harrington's Commission comes in for some sharp criticism, and, apropos of the Panorama at Westminster, Colonel Maurice has an interesting chat (which is to be continued) about the battle of Waterloo, elucidated by a map. The new series of this magazine makes a capital start, and looks like "living."

"Time."

Mr. Cuninghame-Graham, having been invited to commit to paper some "Thoughts on the Eight Hours Bill" for this magazine, sends to the editor instead an essay on "The Horses of the Pampas," which the editor prints. How does the erratic M.P. for North-West Lanarkshire justify "equine tricycle" as a synonym for "horse"? Mr. Graham thinks the steeds of the Pampas are descended from those of Barbary, and puts witnesses in the box who support his contention.

Any details, even as incomplete and rambling as are these, will soon be valuable about the Gauchos and their horses. This race of tender-hearted, hospitable, nomad creatures is passing away. I shall regret them. Often during the babble of the House of Commons, when in the hot summer nights we are hard at work substituting the word "and" for the word "but," and leaving out all the words from "whereinsoever" down to "which in so after" in some senseless bill, I shall think, with regret, of the seven wild horses and the stubborn mules which I have so frequently seen harnessed to a diligence.

Mr. Schutz Wilson has gathered together some amusing anecdotes of Goethe, especially of Goethe as stage-manager. "The Black Plague at Seville" is a powerful poem on a repulsive subject by Mr. Albert Fleming, whose "germinal motive" (as Mr. Sharp would say) is to be found in a Spanish folk-song. There are two legal contributions—one, by Mr. B. F. Scarlett, "Notes from Old Session Rolls;" the other a plea for "The Imperativeness of Legal Reform," by Mr. W. M. Thompson. Mr. Wallis Mackay praises the "Natural Humour of the Kaffir," and Mr. Justin McCarthy criticises "Ireland's Present Influence on Thought and Literature." There may not be any great advocates at the Irish Bar—but at the English Bar there is Sir Charles Russell. Professor Tyndall, Mr. Lecky, and Mr. Bryce, too, are claimed by Mr. McCarthy as Irish, "but," says he, "there is nothing distinctively Irish in the influence of these men on literature and thought." They "are not Celtic. There is no great author in this sense at the present hour."

"Belgravia."

"The Story of Jules Michelet's Life" is worth perusing; but Marie Corelli's "Word about Ouida"—which she seems to interpret as necessitating a word (or more) against every other author of the day who has had the misfortune to achieve popularity—is *the* feature of the number. A more fitting title would have been "The Worship of Ouida: by a Worshipper." There is one little spiteful touch which should be recorded, if only for its amusing hint to a clever caricaturist. It is about the ubiquitous Mr. Andrew Lang, and puts a fresh face on the famous "genius and talent" dictum of George Eliot. Says Miss Corelli:—

An author endowed with the restless Protean-like quality of genius cannot be always at the same dead level of placable equanimity. Talent, like that of Mr. Andrew Lang, who, sitting on his little bibliographic dust-heap, discourses pipingly on "Was Jehovah a Stone Fetish?" is, we know, at the beck and call of every subject on which it is paid to write; but Genius is wilful, often exceedingly irritating, in its capricious changes of humour, and never exactly what the world would have it be.

"The Atlantic Monthly."

The trial of the Suffolk witches in 1664, and another case at Glasgow in 1696, furnish the groundwork of Mr. James B. Thayer's discourse on "Trial by Jury of Things Supernatural." Mr. Albert Shaw combines informally certain comments of M. Emile de Laveleye with his own observations of social and political questions in Belgium. The horse-lover will discover much learned talk on roadsters—especially of American origin—in Mr. Merwin's paper. He says:—

No sensible person will care to drive fifteen miles in an hour or seventy in a day, except as a feat; but if you wish to travel forty or fifty miles it is a great thing to have a roadster who is capable of going seventy or eighty. To ride behind a tired horse is fatiguing and depressing in the extreme, whereas there is a sense of exhilaration in covering a long distance which is yet well within the known powers of your steed. In fact, a good roadster is something like a satisfactory bank account—your pleasure in his capacity is great almost in proportion as the drafts which you make upon it are small.

Mr. Wendell Holmes "Over the Teacups" sparkles as ever. Music, monuments, and book-collecting enter into the composition of this month's conversation. Here is an excerpt which the good people who are not free from affectation in matters musical will do well to ponder (if, indeed, they can be induced to plead guilty to the charge):—

There is no doubt that the tears which used to be shed over "Oft in the stilly night" or "Auld Robin Gray," or "A place in thy memory, dearest," were honest tears, coming from the true sources of emotion. There was no affectation about them; those songs came home to the sensibilities of young people—of all who had sensibilities to be acted upon. And, on the other hand, there is a great amount of affectation in the apparent enthusiasm of many persons in admiring and applauding music of which they have not the least real appreciation. They do not know whether it is good or bad, the work of a first-rate or a fifth-rate composer; whether there are coherent elements in it, or whether it is nothing more than "a concourse of sweet sounds" with no organic connections. One must be educated, no doubt, to understand the more complex and difficult kinds of musical composition. Go to the great concerts where you know that the music is good, and that you ought to like it, whether you do or not. Take a music bath once or twice a week for a few seasons, and you will find that it is to the soul what the water-bath is to the body. I wouldn't trouble myself about the affectations of people who go to this or that series of concerts chiefly because it is fashionable. Some of these people whom we think so silly and hold so cheap will perhaps find, sooner or later, that they have a dormant faculty which is at last waking up, and that they who came because others came, and began by staring at the audience, are listening with a newly-found delight. Every one of us has a harp under bodice or waistcoat, and if it can only once get properly strung and tuned it will respond to all outside harmonies.

TO SEE THE GREAT WHITE QUEEN.

A Voyage with King Lobengula's "Memory" and "Tongue."

The recent visit to England of two Matabele chiefs, personally conducted by an enterprising financial agent, was not accomplished without some difficulties. An interesting description of these, and of the chiefs themselves, is given by Lady Frederick Cavendish (who happened to return to England in the same steamer with Mr. Maund and his protégés) in the course of a chatty account of her South African trip, which she contributes to the new number of *Murray's*.

The Black King and the White Queen.

This, according to Mr. Maund's own account given to Lady Frederick Cavendish, is how the affair arose. Said Lobengula:—

"I am afraid of being eaten up by the Portuguese or the Boers. I wish to make friends with the Great White Queen, but the Boers tell me there is no White Queen—that England has been eaten up by the Dutch long ago. I don't know what to believe among them all. You must do this for me, Maundy—you must take two of my chiefs home with you to England and let them see the Great White Queen for themselves, and bring me word again."

Now Lieutenant Maund, being a private gentleman, occupied with his own affairs, had no fancy for this very ticklish mission. He had no authority, he could not possibly obtain instructions from the High Commissioner, for he was about six hundred miles from the nearest telegraph-wire, and in short he tried to excuse himself. In a moment the King's countenance changed, and he said, "Aaou! then you are as bad as the rest of them." My impression is, though he did not tell me so, that he would have risked his neck had he persisted in his refusal. At all events, he saw that he would be throwing away a very great chance for England, inasmuch as this was a distinct offer of friendship on the part of an independent Prince, whose dominions may be roughly said to cover a territory about twice the size of Germany and rich in gold. Had Lieutenant Maund refused the mission, the King would have believed all the stories of there being no White Queen, and would have gone in for the most favourable bargain he could with the Dutch, as second-best.

Lieutenant Maund accordingly said: "Well, I will do what you wish; but I must first know where the money is to come from. I have none; and it will require a large sum."

The King replied: "Do you think I should ask you to do this thing, and not pay for it? How much do you want?" Lieutenant Maund answered, "£600." Without another word, Lobengula stalked out of his kraal, went up to a waggon, and brought out of it the money in English gold. (Our money is current through the Dutch States, and no doubt the King had made it by trading.)

Lieutenant Maund then asked what men he was to take. Two old chiefs were chosen, one over seventy-five, the other not much younger. He said, "These old men will die of the cold in England: you don't know what an English March is." "Oh," replied the King, "they won't *both* die;" and he explained that these particular men were to go, because *the elder one was his "Memory" and the other his "Tongue."* The name of the "Memory" was "Babyjane," that of the "Tongue" I forget. The former was a quiet, observant old fellow; the latter a great talker.

In "the Great Kraal that Pushes through the Water."

So Mr. Maund started, accompanied by his strange travelling companions. Arrived at Cape Town, their difficulties began; and although Sir Hercules Robinson eventually recognized that the matter, being now well in train, it must needs be put on an official basis, no credentials had arrived from Downing-street when Mr. Maund shipped his chiefs and sailed with them on the *Moor*.

On board, the chiefs were altogether bewildered, it seems, by the ship and the sea. For some time they said not a word. At last said one of them, "We get up, and we go to bed, night after night, day after day, and always water! always water!" They called the steamer "the great kraal that pushes through the water." On reaching "the Doldrums" (the neighbourhood of the Equator), one of them said to an Irish gentleman on board, "Does the great water all belong to the White Queen?" "Indeed it does," replied this very loyal Irishman.

Why Does not the White Queen eat up Portugal?

"I had an interview with them," continues Lady Frederick, "and took pains to convince them there was a White Queen, assuring them I had had the honour of serving Her Majesty and had kissed her hand. One of them thereupon touched his eyes and replied, 'We believe it is as you say so, but we are taking our own eyes to see." When we got into rough weather in the Bay, they said, "The river is full to-day." Off Lisbon, when told it was Portuguese, they sat on deck with their backs turned to it, and said, "How is it the White Queen allows Portugal between her and Africa?"

Were the Life Guards Stuffed?

When at length London was reached there were still obstacles to be overcome before the Great White Queen could be reached. Even at the last moment a hitch occurred. It was altogether contrary to Court etiquette that Mr. Maund, all unaccredited, should be admitted by her Majesty, along with the Tongue and the Memory of Lobengula. He, however, explained that they declined to go before the Queen without their father Maundy. The King had said that Maundy would be their Father, and that they need not be afraid. Without "Maundy," the poor chiefs seem to have had some idea that her Majesty might take a fancy to eat them. On these representations Lieutenant Maund was admitted.

The Queen received them with the utmost kindness, having no doubt by this time become thoroughly interested in the whole matter. Her Majesty sent a carriage to meet them, and ordered a turn-out of fifty Life Guardsmen in St. George's Hall. These magnificent soldiers, all over 6 ft. 1 in., impressed the chiefs extremely when once they had ascertained *that they were not stuffed*. The Queen then received them in the corridor. They were introduced by Lord Knutsford, who related to her Majesty the whole history, and then placed in the Queen's own hand Lobengula's letter, in which he asked for the Queen's protection against his enemies, and promised in return to be her friend. When the letter was placed in the Queen's hands the delight of the chiefs was extreme: their end was accomplished. The Queen very kindly spoke to them and asked them if they felt the cold, to which they replied: "How should we feel the cold when there is a great Queen who can make it either hot or cold?" They were then entertained at luncheon, and had golden goblets to drink out of, which they imagined were from the Queen's own table.

Before returning to Lobengula, the envoys were taken to see the great guns at Woolwich, to a parade at Aldershot, and to Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, the sight of which struck Babyjane especially with religious awe.

OVERWORK ON THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

A well-known correspondent, who signs himself "W. M.," writes to us from Oxford as follows:—

I am not myself an advocate for fixing the hours of labour for adult males by an Act of Parliament; but that there is, as you maintain, a case for inquiry is, I think, shown by the following facts, which are taken from the report in the *Oxford Chronicle* of the depositions made at a coroner's inquest. Henry Andrews, a railway porter at Tower Heyford Station on the Great Western Railway, was found dead on the line, having been run over by a train. His father stated that the deceased was a widower with five children; that he lived a considerable distance from the station; that he sometimes did not get home from his work till ten, eleven, or even one o'clock at night; and that he had complained that his duty was too hard for him. The station inspector said that Andrews's hours were from 7.30 A.M. to 8.30 P.M., with two hours out for meals. He was employed every other Sunday. If the local goods train did not arrive he had to wait for it. Andrews had complained of the long hours. On the day in question he was at work till half-past nine at night. Although deceased had two hours out in the day, he was only allowed to leave the station an hour. He had eighteen shillings a week, and was paid for overtime and Sunday duty. The jury expressed the opinion that the time the deceased was expected to be on duty was excessive, and desired this to be made known to the company. It was suggested that poor Andrews might have committed suicide. The evidence does not seem to me to point in this direction. I think it more probable that, like many others, he took his miserable life almost as a matter of course. But this is an inquiry in which the public can hardly be expected to take an interest. What may interest them is this: Andrews's last duty was "to signal the 9.21 fast." Perhaps some persons may reflect, on reading this, that their own safety is concerned in lightening the hours of labour for railway porters.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"WAS BROWNING A THEIST?"

To the Editor *of the* Pall Mall Gazette.

Sir,—The question, "Was Browning a Theist?" which you place at the head of your report of my Sunday morning lecture will seem to imply that I had said Browning was not a theist. But I had, on the contrary, emphasized the fact that he was a theist. I only contended that his special message to his time was nevertheless not theism but humanism. Nor did I imply that in place of love to a superhuman deity Browning would set up the love of an individual person, even of the unselfish Pompilia. Browning betrays no trace of the Comtist tendency to make a god of man, and his plea is for universal love.—I am, dear sir, yours truly,

Stanton Coit.

Leighton Hall, Kentish Town, N.W.

THE DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER IN CANADA.

To the Editor *of the* Pall Mall Gazette.

Sir,—The rumour, now shown to be entirely false, which attributed to the Minister of Justice at Ottawa an intention to substitute for the law permitting marriage with a deceased wife's sister in the Dominion an Act prohibiting such marriages under a penalty of fourteen years' imprisonment was antecedently improbable in the highest degree. Except a small knot of High Churchmen, led by Bishop Doane in the States and supported by the Bishop of Fredericton in Canada, there is not a section of the entire North American community which would dream of an attempt to reverse legislation on this subject. There is no more chance of such reversal than of all England being converted to Mormonism. If there be any persons in this country sufficiently credulous to indulge the opposite opinion, it must be because they are not only not familiar with Transatlantic notions of individual freedom and responsibility, but because they have failed to observe how impossible it is at the present day for any State to narrow its view of permissible marriage down to the mutually destructive theories of the Churches. The Presbyterian Church of America admits this, and more. In his address before the Presbyterian Union of New York, upon which the *Pall Mall Gazette* has already commented, Professor Briggs, of the Union Theological Seminary of that city, said:—"The chapter on marriage and divorce (in the Confession of Faith) is not in accord with present views in the Church. It has recently been amended by striking out the prohibition of marriage with a deceased wife's sister. But the whole reference to Levitical laws of marriage is wrong. The Levitical law is no longer binding on Christians. The statement that such as profess the true reformed religion should not marry with infidels, Papists, or other idolaters' is not justified by the Word of God, is a slander upon Roman Catholic Christians, and is unworthy a place in a Christian creed. No one thinks of such limitations of marriage in our times. The marriage law has no rightful place in a Confession." These opinions of the Presbyterian Church of the States meet with very general acceptance in the Conservative and influential sister Church of Canada.—I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

T. Paynter Allen.

Parliament-street, S.W.

THE IRISH LAND BILL.

To the Editor *of the* Pall Mall Gazette.

Sir,—Does not the voluntary nature of the transaction between landlord and tenant, as seller and buyer, make the sale an ordinary commercial operation? Why then should the British public find the money and guarantee the account? An extension of this novel method for promoting trade would enable Manchester salesmen to do business where now the risk alone stops the way. If the sale was compulsory something might be said for this proposal of the Government, but why the nation should take this risk for an ordinary every-day sale of land is beyond me.

S.

Manchester.

To the Editor *of the* Pall Mall Gazette.

Sir,—In the able article in your *Gazette* on the 27th March upon this bill, the writer says the Irish members are denouncing it because it is an Irish Landlord Relief Bill, while the English members complain because it confers upon the Irish tenants privileges and bonuses. Surely there is a mean between these contentions, and the bill may possibly enable the tenant to pay and the landlord to receive, if they mutually agree, a fair value for the land without either receiving any great or preponderating advantage. The question, however, to many minds in England, who will see no great boon in a landlord selling land at or below twenty years' purchase, will be, "Is the State to be a sufferer by the transaction—is the Government proposal prudent as an investment of State funds?" The wisdom of State help in favour of any class or classes of the community may well be questioned, but unfortunately the necessity of legislation of some sort regarding the Irish tenant is the one point which both political parties in this country for political exigencies agree upon in the abstract. I fear, therefore, that, as something will be done in the direction indicated by Mr. Balfour's bill by one party or the other, the main point for consideration now by non-politicians is whether or not the security offered the State under the bill is sufficient? Evidently no business man would make the proposed advances—that is, to the full value of the land. Nor would he accept repayment in the mode indicated by the bill. The State can perhaps afford to be more liberal and take greater risks than a private individual, but I venture to suggest that the success of this bill, or of any other measure of a like nature, will depend upon whether or not the State has good security. The danger, I think, in the present proposal must occur during the first years of the transaction. In that period great risk must be run either if the tenant finds he has made a bad bargain or if agricultural depression causes a further depreciation in the value of land. In either case the State would run the risk of lands being thrown upon its hands at the market value of the date of sale, and the only security I can see that is offered is the risk of the small first instalment payable by the tenant, if paid, being forfeited, and the value of the tenant right, being lost, as I presume the bill contemplates such right, would be charged with the debt. Now, should not the State have some better security—either a payment of a fairly substantial sum by the tenant at once, or a charge on a portion of the purchase-money before the landlord gets it and until the tenant completes his bargain? I believe Mr. Balfour proposes that the advances should be secured in some way by the localities; but any recourse to third parties will, I submit, be fatal to the successful working of the scheme. Independently of any such recourse, it is possible the tenant-right charged may be of such a value that it affords sufficient security of itself; but there should be some rule, some safeguard on the point, and the State should not run the risk of having lands thrown upon its hands which may have been bought too high or depreciated from accidental causes, without a fair reserve in hand to meet losses on a resale.—Your obedient servant,

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